THE COSHOCTON AGE.

Entered at the Post Office at Coshocton as Second-class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 59. COSHOCTON, OHIO, JANUARY 27, 1883. NUMBER 4

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THE MAIN STAY

Of Coshocton Business Wrapped in Flames — Coshocton Steel Works Destroyed.

Monday night at one o'clock the people of Coshocton were aroused by the alarm of fire. In a short time fully one-half of the population had repaired in the direction indicated by the glare of the flames, and found the Coshocton Iron and Steel Works burning.

The fire originated in the foundry department, and when first discovered had gained such headway that it was impossible to control it. In less than an hour and a half from the first alarm the foundry, spring shop and axle shop were a mass of ruins. A goodly amount of material was saved, but the machinery and a great deal of stock was destroyed. The loss cannot be less than $80,000, with an insurance of about $13,000.

The origin of the fire is a mystery, and there has been some intimation of incendiarism, but we have heard of no good reason for the belief, other than that the building was considered well protected, and at 9 o'clock the night watch made his usual rounds and found all safe.

By the loss of these works 80 men and boys are thrown out of employment, and the backbone of Coshocton business is broken, and a great calamity has befallen the town. Mr. Hay's services to the town by the successful management of these works have not been appreciated, but now that they are destroyed, and a goodly portion of our community thrown out of employment, with the necessity of leaving the town unless they are rebuilt, and at once, our people realize the help he has been to the community, and recognize that unless prompt action is taken our town will be injured beyond recovery. This action is being taken, as is thoroughly shown in another column.

Agricultural Bill Defeated.

The bill introduced at the last session of the Legislature, providing for the election of directors of the Coshocton County Agricultural Society by townships, our readers will remember, was prevented from passing by the hostility shown thereto by Representative Bargar. Last week the bill came up again, and Mr. Bargar had Tuesday of this week set as the time for a special consideration of the same. In the meantime remonstrances had been set in circulation around Coshocton, and after being headed by a few prominent citizens was presented to every rag-tag and bobtail in town, voters and non-voters, and the same sent into the Legislature. The members of the Legislature, of course, were not expected to know the character of those who were remonstrating, and Mr. Bargar was aided thereby, and the bill defeated.

This leaves the question practically in this shape.

More than one thousand farmers petitioned that they might have a voice in the management of an agricultural instititution, but Mr. Bargar through his opposition to agricultural interests, defeated the bill, and said to these petitioners, you have no rights that I am bound to respect.

We, personally, have no fault to find with the present management of the institution. Those in charge are practical business men and have managed the Society successfully, and for this reason are entitled to the thanks of community; but the agriculturalists, in whose interests the Society is supposed to be managed, expressed a desire to a have voice in the management and unitedly asked the same, and we believe the proper treatment should have been bestowed upon them.

Mr. Bargar, however, thought otherwise; and as a consequence, the question now arises; Does Mr. Bargar represent Coshocton county, or does he simply represent Mr. Bargar?

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

Coshocton Meets with a Calamity, But Puts on a Bold Front and Commences Anew—Public Spirit Aroused and Manufacturing to Be Encouraged.

As soon as the Steel Works were destroyed by fire, and the people of Coshocton had time to realize the magnitude of the calamity that had befallen the town, they at once recognized the necessity for prompt action. Accordingly, late Tuesday afternoon word was passed around and a small impromptu meeting was held in the evening at the Auditor's office. No one was present to speak for Mr. Hay as to his probable intentions, but all were agreed that the works should be rebuilt, and if necessary to have them restored the town should extend aid. To the end that the people might act intelligently it was decided to appoint a committee to wait upon Mr. Hay, learn his intentions and desires, and report the same at a public meeting to be held at City Hall Wednesday evening. Messrs. F. E. Barney, Jno. G. Magaw, Henry C. Herbig, Jno. C. Fisher and J. F. Meek were appointed as the committee, and the meeting adjourned.

While this meeting was being held the employes of the recent works assembled at City Hall and resolved to donate enough labor to clear away the ruins of the building and fit the foundation for the erection of new works.

At the meeting in City Hall Wednesday evening the committee appointed to wait upon Mr. Hay reported through Mr. Fisher that while Mr. Hay felt keenly the loss, and at his time of life would prefer not to engage in any such undertaking as the erection of these works must be, yet if the town would donate $15,000 he would supply the remainder of the necessary capital and commence operations at once. He estimates that it will cost $40,000 to replace them in as good condition as before; and that if work is commenced at once, and he is favored with fair weather, he can have the spring department in operation in three weeks, and the entire business in three months.

This report was received with much favor by the large audience—made up of taxpayers generally and a proposition to petition the town Council to issue bonds to raise the money was put to a vote and carried without a dissenting voice.

At this stage of the proceedings Mr. J. P. Forbes announced that there was a letter in the possession of certain parties in town proposing to erect a rolling mill, or manufacturing establishment kindred thereto, in Coshocton providing proper aid was extended by our people; (this letter appears elsewhere) and that the Wapokaneta Wheel Works, one of the largest manufacturing establishments of the kind in the country, having been recently damaged by fire, were desirious of changing their location, and proposing that committees be appointed to visit these parties and try to induce them to locate in Coshocton. To be enabled to say to these gentlemen that our people mean business, Mr. Frobes proposed that the Council be petition to issue bonds in the sum of $50,000, $15,000 to be for the benefit of Mr. Hay, and to be issted at once; the issuing of the remainder to be left to the discretion of the Council, and to be used to encourage other enterprises.

These suggestions were received with good will by all present. The Chairman—Col. J. D. Nicholas—appointed Mr. Forbes and Mr. Joe Hay as a committee to visit Wapokaneta, and Auditor Cassingham and Mr. H. C. Herbig to visit Pittsburg; both committees to report at a public meeting to be held Monday evening. Solicitors were appointed and are now engaged in circulating the petitions, and are meeting with great encouragement.

Notice to Settle.

To the end that the business of the late firm of J. F. Meek & Bro. may be settled it is necessary that all advertising, subscription and job accounts be at once settled. We earnestly request all parties concerned to bear this in mind and be prepared to pay on presentation of accounts.

—Edward Phillips, of New Castle township, got drunk, went home and lay down in front of the grate. He fell into a drunken stupor, his clothing took fire, and he was burned in a horrible manner, the injuries inflicted being such as it is feared death must ensue. This is a brief but suggestive temperance item.

Issue the Bonds.

All thoughtful citizens will at once recognize that a great calamity has befallen our town in the destruction of the Steel Works.

They recognize that unless they are rebuilt a great majority of the men therein employed will be forced to leave our town and seek employment elsewhere. By these men leaving trade will be decreased, property will depreciate, and as a result others besides those employed in the works will leave. People who are determined to be progressive will not remain in a town without manufacturing.

To rebuild these works and maintain the present state of trade, the town must extend aid. Mr. Hay, in the management of these work, has been a benefactor. By their destruction he looses heavily; and though possessed of comfortable means it is not to be expected that he should at his time of life rebuild without aid from the town. We believe our people are willing to accept this proposition and respond heartily thereto.

Again:

Our people recognize that not only should the Steel Works be rebuilt, but other manufacturing should be established. Propositions are now made and opportunities present themselves whereby others can be induced to locate with us. If our people are really in earnest and are disposed to encourage such enterprises by the donation of money, now is the accepted time.

This money can not be raised by popular subscription. All are vitally concerned, but all will not voluntarily subscribe. This being true, there is but one way presents itself; and that is taxation.

It is proposed to issue bond for about $50,000—$15,000 to go to the Steel Works, and the remainder to be used for other enterprises, as the Council may decide.

This may startle some at first, but a few figures will explain things and show that there is no cause to be frightened.

If $30,000 were issued at once, made payable in equal installments at intervals of one year for 20 years, the burden would be so light that none need complain. For the first year interest and principal to pay would be $3,300. The tax duplicate is, in round numbers, $1,300,000. A levy of two mills and a fraction would meet this demand. This levy would be but little more than 20 cents per hundred, and cannot exceed $2.50 per thousand. This would decrease each year as the bonds matured; and surely no one will regard this as burdensome when the advantages to accrue are considered.

Moreover, the establishment of manufacturing will increase the tax duplicate at least $50,000, and necessary increase of dwellings to accommodate the augumented population will add many thousands more, and this will of course lessen the burdens upon the present tax payers.

But on the other hand, suppose our people become niggardly, listen to the advice of selfish individuals, and refuse to extend aid and encouragement to any enterprise, and what will be the result? Our citizens who were drawn here by manufacturing will leave; many tenement houses will be thrown upon the market, and property owners will do well if they receive sufficient rent to pay taxes. There are two sides to this question, and the thoughtful man will have no hesitancy in deciding which is correct.

Both New Philadelphia and Newark have pursued this plan, and they are booming with manufacturing.

Then let no one hesitate. Lightning struck our town, as it were, the people are awake, and the Council should promptly act.

Bonds and enterprise should now be the watch cry, and "damned be he who first cries hold!" etc.

—The County Recorder has in his possession quite a number of deeds unrecorded for want of the payment of the proper fee to the officer for doing this work. They come to Recorder Coe from his predecessor, and he desires the interested parties to relieve him of the further custody of these papers. The recording fee should be paid that the officer may do his work and the deeds returned to the custody of their rightful owners and guardians.

—Last week Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Elliott brought the remains of their youngest child from Lancas er for interment in the Coshocton cemetery, and this week they returned with their oldest, death in each case being caused by dyphtheria. Mr. and Mrs. Elliott are receiving much sympathy.

RESPONDING

To the Representations Made in The Age—Manufacturers Seeking a Location.

Parties who may have the idea that nothing was to be accomplished by our special issue of THE AGE, giving an account of the resources of Coshocton and vicinity, are requested to put the following in their pipes and smoke it:

Rev. Wm. E. Hunt, a few days ago, received a letter from an old business friend containing the following:

"I received a few days ago (not from Mr. Hunt, who says he did not send it, but from a business customer of the firm with which the writer is connected) a copy of THE AGE, published in your place, and in it there was an account of the great mineral resources of Coshocton county. I want you to write me whether in your judgment your citizens would subscribe, say $10,000 or $15,000, and give a suitable location of two or three acres near the railroad, provided certain parties would establish an Iron Works (fully designated by the writer, but for good reasons not herein more particularly described than to say that the works are of the rolling mill kind, and the articles manufactured are in demand all over the country and made by few mills.) The works would cost from $30,000 to $40,000, and give employment to from 150 to 200 men and boys, would consume from 1500 to 2000 bushels of coal per day, and the product be over 5,000 tons per year. Also inform me whether about the same shipping facilities as at Pittsburg can be had by car loads and lots to Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, Louisville; also Cleveland, New York and Philadelphia. I am anxious to know the facts reliably in relation to all this matter for guidance for myself and friends, experienced men and thoroughly qualified for the management of the works," etc., etc.

Jury List.

The next term of the Common Pleas Court for Coshocton County will commence Monday, February 12 h. The following persons have been drawn to serve as jurors:

GRAND JURORS.

Samuel Moore, Tuscarawas township.
Moses McKee, Pike.
Robert M. Wilson, Oxford.
Thomas Hootman, Linton.
J. M. Thompkins, Tuscarawas.
Frank Wright, Jackson.
Sol Deeds, White Eyes.
J. B. Crowley, Tuscarawas.
Z. T. Everhart, White Eyes.
J. R. Cook, Linton.
John C. Miller, Franklin.
Isaac Holt, Tiverton.
George Roller, Franklin.
William Carnahan, Tuscarawas.
Jacob Zimmerman, Adams.

PETIT JURORS.

Alex. MaDowell, Tuscarawas.
John Davis, Tuscarawas.
George Guthrie, Clark.
John Wagoner, Tiverton.
Thomas Norris, Adams.
Philip Stillinger, Tiverton.
Dennis Taylor, Jefferson.
B. R. Shaw, Tuscarawas.
C. A. Shroyer, Franklin.
H. H. Brillhart, Jefferson.
Jonas Snyder, Crawford.
J. J. McCammant, Lafayette.

Profits in Your Favor!

Now is the time to buy! J. Pocock & Sons will sell at wholesale prices,

1,000 pairs of Hose,
500 pairs of Shoes,
100 pieces Dress Good,
Also, stock of Underwear,
And will sell
Woolen Shirts,
Cloths and Cassimeres,
Lace Curtain Net, and
All our Fancy Goods,

Less than offered during the past year.

We do this to clean out stock. We want the space for a New Spring Stock.

We mean what we say,
J. POCOCK & SONS.

Come and see our Remnants.

—A representative of the Madison Square Theatre will be in Coshocton soon to make arrangements for the presentation of Hazel Kirk, by a Company from that Theatre. This is one of the famous plays of the times, and as when presented here last winter will be greeted by a good audience. Further notice will be given.

—Hod Center and High Cooksey, boys of Virginia township, engaged in an altercation last week, concerning some trivial affair, and Cooksey slipped and broke his collar bone.

—Compton's Royal Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry will cure your cough and may be procured in every town in Coshocton county.

A new lot of Embroidery just received at WALKER'S.

COLUMBUS.

Useless Talk in the Legislature—Temperance Again—Tinkering with the School Laws—Miscellaneous Mention.

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

COLUMBUS, O., JAN. 23, 1883.

The past week has been a broken one but the members have ground through considerable business, despite the fact they did not convene until Tuesday afternoon. The evil of absenteeism is most marked this session, and not unfrequently the sergeant-at-arms is sent after members to make a bare quorum.

A good deal of talk has been indulged in that could have been dispensed with and business been the gainer thereby. In this pastime the Democratic brethren have been generally conspicuous. For instance, on Thursday Speaker Hodge called Mr. Snyder to the Chair, and the well known irascibility of the latter gentleman afforded amusement to a lot of bear-baiters, headed by Brunner, of Wyandot. Mr. Brunner certainly missed his mark by not joining a minstrel troupe as end man, instead of donning the clerical and afterward the parliamentary garb. The most trivial decisions of the chair were made subjects of appeal to the House, and by such ill timed levity, the business of the day was almost stopped. It is a sad commentary on the lack of gentlemanly dignity and good manners on the part of the participants.

The temperance question came prominently to the front the past week, and it will remain the chief topic of discussion until finally settled. The line of policy pursued by the Democrats is merely negative, as usual. It has only the merit of simplicity. They vote against every proposition that comes up, and will originate no plan of their own.

The Republicans of the House are still divided in sentiment as to what should be done, and the debates in that branch will hence be long, the propositions being numerous, a decision can be reached only after long and tedious debate. The resolution of General Jones, of Delaware, comes over from last winter for an amendment to the State constitution, providing first for submitting the question of license to the voters of the State, and second giving the Legislature power to tax the manufacture and sale of liquors; also, giving the Legislature power to pass a local option law.

The Resolutions passed the House, and went to the Senate which struck the whole thing out and inserted a substitute giving the General Assembly complete power over every phase of the traffic and manufacture. It then came back to the House which declined to concur; a conference committee was appointed which is still wrestling with the subject.

Representative Kurtz, on Friday, introduced a joint resolution in the House, for a constitutional amendment on the subject which reads:

"The General Assembly may by law, regulate, restrain, or prohibit the manufacture and sale of spiritous, vinous, and malt liquors, and in the exercise of this power it may specifically tax or license the same, or may have a general operation through the State, or a local operation in any part thereof."

This, is, so far, the best proposition brought up, giving a choice for the law passed to be general, or permitting local option. The feeling on the liquor question of at least a majority of the Republican Senators was expressed Saturday in a resolution for a constitutional amendment submitted by Mr Kinney:

"The power of the General Assembly to pass laws concerning the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors shall not be limited by any provision of this constitution."

This proposed amendment is to form a seperate section fifteen of the constitution and the words designated as "the additional section" in section eighteen to be repealed.

The annual tinkering at the school laws has begun, but none of the bills seem to strike the point where the greatest good may be accomplished. Two of an especially pernicious nature have been offered this session. One emanating from "the little Legislature" of Cincinnati, is a blow at the common school system of the State, as it proposes to make each county to raise its own school tax, changing the unit of taxation for raising the State school fund.

Another bill, introduced last week by Dr. Scott, of Warren, is to have county examiners elected by the teachers of the county. This plan is cumbrous, impractical, and calculated to injure the efficiency of teachers. The sleek, "easy" fellow chosen, would let in incompetents and avoid weeding out favorites. A better resolution was also offered last week, to have school examiners chosen from the ranks of the better class of teachers of the county. But such measures are the merest tinkering. Any one who has a mechanical knowledge of textbooks in use in the country can get a certificate. The whole system of granting certificates should be swept away. Either the State Board of School Examiners Commission under them should be made available. The money spent for county examinations—about $18,000 a year—would more than pay traveling expenses. Then, cut off the tendency to create officers, with fat salaries, and concentrate the money so saved on good teachers, and the needed reform is at hand.

The press of New York City is investigating the matter of multiplicity of officers which is making the school system top-heavy, as well as the multiplication of useless studies; and the message of Governor Ben. Butler contains some good "horse sense" on such matters. Let Ohio continue in the front ranks on such matters, and she will still be the greatest State in the Union.

In the Senate, bills were introduced fixing the compensation of county commissioners; making pocket-picking punishable by from one to five years in the Penitentiary; to prohibit the confinement of children under sixteen years of age in the same room or cell with adult prisoners in jails or other prisons; to provide care of the State House and grounds. The famous greiner hawk-scalp bounty-law was repealed. In the House bills were introduced to create a State Board of Pharmacy, to punish lobbying; and making partial appropriations to Benevolent and Penal Institutions of the State.

FARRAND.

Newcomerstown.

The saloon-keepers here are now considerably agitated over the indictments found by the grand jury last week. Every saloon-keeper, except one, seven in all, were indicted. Two of them, Phil Rausch and Gusteve Delkman, were indicted on three counts, one of which was for tampering with witnesses, as Rausch it is claimed furnished three boys, whom he had been selling to, money to run away while the grand jury was in session. It looks now as if some of these favored "business" men may have a chance to look out from behind the bars. They will be sentenced Friday.

There is an interesting revival meeting in progress in King's district at the United Brethern church, under the charge of Rev. Cecil. About twenty are forward every night, many of them shouting.

Rev. Bowman is holding revival services in the M. P. Church, and thus far thirteen accessions are reported.

Revival meetings began in the M. E. Church last Sunday night, conducted by Rev. Endley.

About seventy-five of our citizens are up to New Philadelphia this week, as witnesses in the case of the State of Ohio vs. Author Bassett, of this place, who was indicted last October for robbing Adams express office here, in 1881 of about $700. The former trial in November last, cost Tuscarawas county $1200.

The report of the committee who examined the transactions of the county commissioners is the absorbing topic of conversation. The committee find that the commissioners have been guilty of drawing money illegally from the treasury and of charging for their work when they were attending Democratic conventions.

J. R.

Avondale.

JAN. 23.—The Methodists expect to build a new church next summer.

Lee Brown, baritone player of the cornet band, purchase a slide trombone las week. This young performer has excellent musical talent and will ere long become noted among musicians.

John J. Norman, of Bowman, became somewhat deranged last week, thereby exciting his friends and relatives. It is claimed that the recent protracted meeting caused the trouble. He is much better now and will be, it is hoped, going about as usual, in a few days.

The railroad company have built a boarding house, and will make this their headquarters till the track is laid to Coshocton. The track is laid to the Ohio Canal, but will be delayed a few days until bridges are completed.

The question to be discussed at our literary society this week is, "Should the present boundary of the United States be extended?" W. M. Boyd and W. M. Park, affirmative, J. H. Dickie and G. W. Mitaker, deny.

It seldom happens that young people have a better time than was spent at Mr. Jonas Brown's, last Wednesday evening. Some twenty guests were present and spent the evening telling jokes and playing games until the wee sma hours but we must not forget to say that the best part we enjoyed was the supper which was magnificent.

Mrs. Stiner, an aged lady of this township, died Saturday.

I have a puzzle that was found in a paper last week which I have yet failed to solve, and thought I would send it to the readers of THE AGE and perhaps some one can give us the answer: "A young lover became very enthusiastic and wrote to his sweetheart to know if he was accepted. Her answer was one word, 'stripes.' She instructed her messenger to say that her answer was one work and contained two sixname letters as stripes. Some say her answer was yes. Who knows?

The people in this vicinity should purchase ground and start a cemetery in or near this place for the use of the community. Nearly all cities and towns of this size have one, and why can't we? Another good step in this direction would be to build a vault for use of public.

TOM LEAR.

We have just received a new lot of Hamburg Edges, which we are selling at the lowest prices. Mrs. W. W. WALKER, near depot

—It is understood the Pan Handle will resist the intention of the Connotton Valley Railway to cross their track, and have placed a car at the proposed crossing to prevent the Connotton workmen from laying the rails. Litigation will probably ensue.

—Mr. Geo. Schon of Franklin township, died Tuesday, aged 74. Lung disease.

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WOOL.

A Wool Grower Again Replies to Hon. Mr. Lybarger.

Mr. Lybarger goes off in two mortal columns, or near it, to answer some very simple queries we made. If I should spread things out in like manner in attempting to answer his two communications, I very much fear the editor would go back on this discussion. But, Mr. Editor, we shall try and be as concise as possible. And to shorten this discussion, and to allay the Hon. gentleman's feelings, allow us to say that it is entirely unnecessary to refer to Mr. McCoy, or any one else, to prove the truth of his statement. Nor is it necessary for him to disclaim having any personal interest in misleading the public. We give him full credit for honesty, truthfulness and fair dealing, and when we used the word 'sharp' we did not mean it to apply in any offensive sense, but that he was capable of making a good bargain, buying at the right time and selling ditto. And yet after saying all that, we want to be understood as taking nothing back. His statements were exceedingly loose and misleading, and whether we are capable of getting this article into shape to show it or not, we hope, at least, to warn the inexperienced in sheep husbandry from going head long in to the business, believing that they can make interest, taxes and expenses from two hundred sheep, low grades, on a $7,500 farm, and keep it in good repair, &c., &c. Especially so when the case is left to the ordinary hired man or tenant, that knows but little and cares less for the success of the business. That Mr. Lybarger had not such a man is evident from his figures, but that his man got such pay as his skill and attention was worth, is not so apparent. Now, as to the queries that are answered by Mr. Lybarger. He says, "if I had been a close reader I would have seen that the farm contained 185 acres." I would say I understood the number of acres in the farm, and it was either my mistake or the printer's. What we wanted to find out was how many acres of cleared land. And here allow me to express my surprise that the gentleman did not see the importance of that in coming at a nice calculation. Suppose for instance, that of his 185 acres that 100 acres were in timber, whilst if the timber was good it would be the most valuable; yet, for the purpose of growing either wool or sheep worth but very little. But if the entire farm was improved, the timber land underbrushed and added it would change results very materially. Mr. Lybarger says that I should know that sheep in 1879 were from fifty cents to one dollar less than they have been since that time. Next he don't know whether it is a common thing or not to buy 90 sheep for $195 75 that will shear 500 pounds of wool worth $200. Now here is a contradiction, and we think the gentleman ought to have frankly admitted that he did know that there has been no time since 1879 in which he could have got such sheep at such a price. He does not give us any reason why he was able in 1879 to buy sheep about 30 per cent. less than he could have since. I don't remember, but suppose it was owing to a severe drouth in that year, which always affects the price of stock sheep. But however that is, Mr. Lybarger does admit that you would now have to pay $3 per head. Now, how about these $3 sheep. That appears to be the point, if they were high grades, and not old, worn out ewes, or for live and good feeders, they could be sold for more money, and it would, in my opinion, require them to sell for much more to make it profitable.

Now I said in my former communication that we must have the best sheep. That word perhaps ought to be qualified. I had no idea of show sheep that would cost anywhere from $100 per head to $1000. But I do mean they must be either thoroughbred or very high grades, and I mean that such sheep cannot now be bought in neither Knox, or Coshocton county, for the former young brood ewes less than $25 per head, and the later $8 to $10 per head, and we mean to say further that if any kind of sheep will pay, these will; and we mean to reiterate that sheep worth less money will not pay. And right here we may as well answer Mr. Lybarger's queries. 1st, I am in the business of growing sheep, for mutton as well as for wool. I have nothing but high grades, use thoroughbred registered rams; have none to sell. I cull my flock, and fatten all that does not shear in quantity and quality to suit me. The old ewes when run out, and their teeth gets bad, I exchange with my neighbors for younger feeding weathers, and they by having a small flock of 15 or 20, are able to obtain 2 or 3 lambs from each ewe, either of which would readily sell as much as the old ewe cost. I would further say I don't believe a case that class of farmers you refer to, who have no stables. My sheep, as well as other stock is housed, and I am very sure that the man that attempts to keep stock, sheep, or anything else, and has them entirely without shelter, not even the old fashion straw-rick, "will get left." 4th query. I have never known a man to keep a large flock on high land or any other kind of land, many years without being overtaken with some disorder, or other that would cost him much loss.

5th query. I do know of several parties that have flocks that shear from 7 to 15 pounds. I do not say the average was 11 pounds. Every farmer

Continued on 6th page.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

SHATTERED LIVES,

OR

A TERRIBLE SIN.

CHAPTER IV.

BEGINNING AGAIN.

Mr. Rutland was not a little awed by the manner of his son-in-law. There was enough in the words alone to make him ill at ease; but Clyde's burning face gave them all the strength of a prophecy.

"Hardly fair, Mr. Clyde, gentleman as you are," said Rutland, "to let the girl leave you with that upon her mind; she has done no harm. Get your things on, Grace and dress the child, we have been here long enough."

"You are right" said Clyde; "your daughter is not to blame, Mr. Rutland. Your love for her has grown with singular rapidity, unless it is strengthened by your dislike for me, or unless there is a motive stronger than either. I shall hold you responsible for whatever may come of this—that is, so far as I can; for if you are wrong, and Grace suffers, she will be but one more of those children who suffer for the sins of their fathers."

"I am a business man, Mr. Clyde, and don't know anything about proverbs or parables, and if my child had kept amongst business people, instead of mixing with bartists and such people as you meet in their studdhoes, she might have been well married now to some one as could have come and taken his proper place in the family. However, there's an end of it. I bear no malice. I am going to take away my own child, which you, as a right-minded man ought to approve and be glad of; and, as I say, I have no malice, and if you think of going abroad, I can give you a lift with a few pounds—anything up to a hundred."

"Thanks," said Clyde, thinking, with a smile, of the other hundred offered in the afternoon, though made under somewhat different conditions. "I shall very likely go abroad, Mr. Rutland, I need not trouble you; indeed, I have some money as it is, and now as Grace is really ready I want to impress this upon your mind. She leaves by her own wish, and I resign her; but that resignation does not extend to the child."

"The poor little chap does not look as if anyone's resignation would matter much to him," said Rutland, with a compassionate touch of his big finger on the baby's head. "As for me, I could never hurt a kitten, though I would spend a thousand pounds every day to ruin a man that offended me. He shall have a proper nurse, which is what Grace says he wants, and the best doctor to be had for money, even if I pay fifty pounds for one of them titled ones what attends Royalty to have a look at him. None of your medical tinkers from Chelsea or the suburbs for me; as far as expense goes he may have his pap made with melted sovereigns instead of milk, and if one nurse is not enough we will have a dozen."

"Thank you for so much. There is a kindness in the thought at least. Understand me, Mr. Rutland, I reserve the right to see my child whenever it is my wish; to know where and with whom he is at any moment I may ask, and to be kept acquainted with his state of health. On this point nothing must be left undefined."

"You hear that, Grace?" said her father. "What do you think?"

"I will save her the pain and trouble of replying," said Clyde. "On this point I intend to hold you responsible, Mr. Rutland, or Grace remains with me, and I keep the boy under my own care."

"Grace!" said Mr. Rutland.

"You must let him have his way, father. You do not know him as I do. If it was a question of a penholder, or anything not worth a shilling, instead of his own child, he would have his own way when once he said he would, if only for the sake of having it."

"Not that it seems worth quarreling about," Rutland observed; "the little chap don't seem to have an ounce of life left in him."

"He will live," said Clyde, quietly, "to know me and to thank his mother. Yes," he added, putting the tiny arm as far as it would go round his neck; "you will live, my darling; too much is centred in you of my life, my prayers, my future, for you to be taken from me. Are you ready, Grace?"

"Yes, Frank."

He kissed the child and placed him in her arms.

"Is there anything here you wish to take?"

"Nothing; the landlady can have all I have left behind. But, Frank, you will want some money, and I have some, to settle matters here."

"I have some of my own."

"Will you say, Frank, that you are not angry with me for going? You would not expect me to stay? You will part with me good friends?"

"We part, Grace, as husband and wife can part only, as if death had taken you from me. I kiss you now as I would kiss you in your coffin—for the last time."

He touched her lips with his, looking at her with a world of love the while.—At that moment she had an almost irresistible impulse to put the child back in its cradle, throw her arms round his neck and stay with him, but her father spoke, and the spell was broken.

"Come," he said, "don't let the people in this wretched street think there has been a scene. As it is, who is to know but that you are just going into the country for a drive or a visit? You ought not to make her give way just now, Mr. Clyde."

"He is right," said Clyde. "Good-bye, Gracie, and my last words to you are, take care of the child for me."

"Are we to shake hands?" asked Rutland; "it is as well to know the sort of footing we are on in case we meet. I like, as a business man, to be straightforward."

"Then, Mr. Rutland, we shall not shake hands now, or when we meet, unless you have it in your power, and use that power, to undo what you have done to-day."

The City man drew himself together with a stiff-necked bow, and led the way downstairs; Grace followed him, and Clyde went as far as the gate. Every window in the narrow thoroughfare was full of curious heads, watching with wonder how respectfully the footman put Grace into the carriage. Her father took the opposite seat, Clyde lifted his hat courteously, and the scene was over.

He stood looking after the carriage till it left the street. It was no fancy of his that he saw her face turned wistfully towards him as they passed the corner. He smiled as he thought what a poor Eden it was for such an Eve to look back to with regret.

"There goes the past," he said to himself; "a bitter lesson just as this change had come after so many years of waiting. I suppose a man has no right to the heartache, and tears would be out of place, yet I feel as if I could break down and be the better for it; others, however, shall shed them instead of me—and for me, when the time comes."

He went into the King's Road, and bought a small, well-made portmanteau, and took it with him to a pawnbroker's, to which he found his way like one to whom the way was familiar. He had a little packet of tickets in an old morocco purse, and he laid them all before the young man who came to wait upon him.

"To take out, sir?" the young man asked.

"Yes, please; all you have there."

The all did not represent much—a frock coat with light grey vest and trousers came down with a thud in one parcel; these had been worn once, and were six months old. Another thud sent the young man back for a similar parcel, containing a morning suit of dark grey. The other things were taken from a drawer, and comprised one of Frodsham's chronometers, with chain and appendages, and a pair of opera-glasses of a kind not often seen in these days of Geneva lenses and Houndsditch manufacture. Something under thirteen pounds redeemed the whole, and Clyde went back to Eden Gardens with the clothes and opera-glasses in his portmanteau, and the watch in his pocket.

Once more in his own room. How desolate it seemed, the empty cradle especially. He sent for the landlady and asked her to take the creases out of the frock coat and the light greys. He knew that, to use her own words, she always had an iron at the fire, for, besides keeping a large family scrupulously clean, she took in a large amount of extraneous laundry work; such as came in late in the evening had to go home early in the morning, some of it.

"And we shall not require your room after to-day," he said, as he paid the woman, and gave her an extra sovereign. "That is for yourself, Mrs. Lowe; you have been very kind to my wife and the child. Whatever little things you may find when I am gone you are welcome to."

"Thank you, sir, the money is very welcome, and I am much obliged to you, but I am sorry to lose you, nevertheless, for you were always a gentleman, and my heart was good to let you live rent free, and so was my good man's."

"If I always meet with such kindness as yours," he said, "I shall be more than satisfied."

"Much obliged to you, sir, I am sure. Your good lady is gone into the country, sir?"

"Yes."

"And nothing could be better in her state of health. Very pleasant at this time of the year, the change will do you both good."

"Yes," he said to himself, as he closed the door, "the change will do us both good, I hope."

He put on the frock coat and the greys, and looked at as much of himself as he could see in a three-and-sixpenny chimney-glass; he looked, too, at the threadbare suit he had thrown over a chair to leave behind, and took a second thought about it.

"No," he said, "we have been old friends for a long time, and you shall come with me, you may be useful to me yet."

CHAPTER V.

AN OPENING IN LIFE.

No one would have found it more difficult than Clyde Lorraine to explain why he took that forlorn remnant of an unhappy past with him. It may have been that, wretched as the past had proved, he did not care to leave it behind him entirely; there were pleasant memories for him even in the dingy room where he had seen his children droop and die one after the other—where he had seen his pretty wife grow discontented, and take back, bit by bit, the fragments of her impulsive love, till nothing was left but the longing to leave him and be free once more.

And yet the pleasant memories were of her, though they were only of the few occasional hours when she had put aside her fretful discontent, and in very pity for his tired face and uncomplaining weariness of voice, cheered him with her own hopes for their future. If to love strongly was an error, it was one with which he was afflicted deeply; he had not a single thought of the coming time in which she did not share.

But it was over now; at the very worst, he could not have believed her guilty of such infamous duplicity, and the most cruel sting had been administered by the hand at which even a kindness would have come like an insult. She had left him of her own free choice, and there was an end of it; meet when they might, she should never be more than a stranger to him.

"So much for a woman's love!" he said to himself, bitterly—"the thing I used to read about when I was younger, and believed in Otway's Belvidera and the Juliet of Shakspeare. Yet I do not know. Any woman might be heroic enough to go mad or die for the sake of making an effective ending; the real heroines of tragedy love never wanted bread, or they would have dwindled down into the fretful commonplace, and taken consolation in a little gin now and then.

He went to the kind-hearted surgeon and spent half-an-hour with him, but told him nothing of the change that had taken place; he only said that his wife and child had gone to her friends, where they would be well taken care of."

"It would have been as well if you could have gone with them," Dr. Lundin observed; "you will be lonely by yourself."

"They are with her father, and I should be as little welcome at his house as he is at mine," said Clyde. "I shall take a change by myself. You really think there is some hope for my boy?"

"Under the circumstances I mentioned there would be. Much depends upon the nursing he will get."

"He will want for nothing in that respect; his mother is fond of him. Yes, I think she will take care of him," he added, as if a doubt upon that point had crossed his mind; "and about that mark, Dr. Lundin; you are sure it is indelible?"

"No doubt of it. Only a surgical operation could remove it! but I should not let it trouble me, if I were you; the first scrap of whiskers he cultivates will hide it."

"I am rather glad he has it than otherwise. I may be abroad some years, and I should like to know my own child again when I come back. They are not fond of poor gentlemen in the Rutland family, and if I come back as poor as I have been, they would not stick at a falsehood or a subterfuge to keep me away from him."

If the surgeon wondered at this he made no remark. He knew tolerably well what it meant when a young wife went home to a rich father, and left her husband to begin the world again alone.

"I must congratulate you on the change I see already," he said, "and all things considered I do not see how they could be better. Mrs. Clyde could not be in safer hands, especially as you think of going abroad."

"Yes, her father would naturally be her best guardian," said Clyde, with a doubtful smile; "that is if you admit there is such a thing as temptation for a good woman, or safeguard for a bad one."

"The best are better for a safeguard, Mr. Clyde."

"Speaking on general principles."

"As one, who in his avocation, has had to see much of the world."

"If you knew Mr. Rutland as well as I do, you would not have much faith in him or the world he belongs to, Dr. Lundin. He is a dealer in merchandise, and would sell my—his daughter as part of it if she were for sale. I want to thank you again before I go for your kindness. No money I have or ever may have can repay you."

"I would have done more than I did, Mr. Clyde, if—"

"If what?"

"If you would have let me; but I found you were rather an unapproachable personage, and though I knew more than I care to say, I did not like to run the risk of offending you. I asked you here from the first in the hope that you would take me a little into your confidence, and make me, if only for a time, your friend."

"Yes, I saw your intention," said Clyde, pressing his hand; "and ——

time my pride, the last poor remnant of anything worth keeping a gentleman may call his own, was on the point of giving way, but I knew that a kindness accepted overnight leaves a sense of obligation to be looked back on in the morning."

"The morbid growth of pride, not pride itself," the doctor said, "but inevitable to your condition. You were very sadly out of place in Eden Gardens."

"Or anywhere, perhaps now," said Clyde. "Do you think my wife's health is materially affected?"

"No; she is one of those delicate-looking women who are really stronger than they seem. She has great vitality, and there is her youth to help her. If you do not see her for a year or two you will find her greatly changed."

The same bitter smile crossed Clyde's lips.

"Not to me," he said. "The change has been going on for some time, and will settle where it is. Good-bye, Dr. Lundin. You see I am indulging in extravagance already; that cab outside is waiting for me, and my portmanteau is in it. It says much for the honesty of cabmen in general, and Chelsea cabmen especially, that my worldly goods are safe so long. Perhaps, though, he thinks I have taken his number."

"Do not forget me when you return, or before you go," said Dr. Lundin. "I am a fixture here."

"If ever I return to this place of pleasant memories, it will be for your sake only."

"Now," said the doctor to himself, "I would not have that man's heart for all the fortune there may be in store for him. I know that he had suffered, but I did not think the iron had eaten its way so far. The last five years of his life have changed his nature."

The doctor was wrong; the change in the nature of Francis Clyde Lorraine only dated from the last five hours. On this day, for the first time, in spite of all he had gone through, he cursed those five years which began with his unhappy marriage.

He took a room at an hotel near Charing-cross, and walked from the Strand to Ludgate-hill, thinking how often he had taken that track when he was penniless, and his heart was more tired than his feet. He went into one or two of the haunts where he was known, and later on found himself in the pit of a theatre, without much idea as to how he got there or what he was seeing; not that he had been drinking, but this was a faint attempt to renew his old life—the careless bachelor days, when his hat covered his sins and his expenses, and Grace Rutland was a pretty little girl whom he liked as one of many. He had taken her to this theatre many a time. Go where he might, it would be difficult as yet to leave Grace Rutland behind him.

It was late, past midnight, when he went back to the hotel. He had forgotten that he had not been to bed since the night before, and the evening's wanderings had told upon him. It was for the better, perhaps, since he went to sleep and did not wake till the morning. He might have slept longer had not a too vigilant waiter came to tell him that he had not left word what time he wanted to be called.

"And yet you would say you were not Irish?" said Clyde. "But you may let me have some breakfast, and the *Times* —you may bring the *Standard* and the *Telegraph* as well, and the *Daily News* if you have it—any other papers in which you think I might find a good investment. And if you could find me a guide——"

"We have 'Bradshaw,' sir, and 'A, B, C.'"

"Ah, but I want a personal guide—some one to show me what I want to see in London."

"Commissionaire, sir?"

"Thanks. The work would not suit an honest old soldier; and then, again, people might take him for my keeper. Breakfast, please, in something less than an hour."

The man went down and told the proprietor that the gentleman in number seven was not quite right in his head, but he wore a gold watch and had a lot of sovereigns and bank-notes on the mantelpiece.

"Let him have anything he asks for," said the proprietor promptly; "his friends are sure to look after him if anything goes wrong."

Clyde knew exactly the impression he had created. He was in the mood when he could have treated life as a jest and mocked at things most sound; yet in his soul there had never been so much bitterness, even in his worst hour.

"Yesterday," he thought, as he sat at the coffee-room table, "I breakfasted for three-pence in a place much frequented by the British workman, with his civil and self-denying friend the cabman, and a sprinkling of gentry whose objection to long hair seems insuperable, if not compulsory. This morning I am here—to-morrow—well, my to-morrow rests in the hands of Cameron, yesterday belongs to my wife—I wonder where she is now, and where she thinks I am; for all she knows, or cares, I might be where I was yesterday."

He had begun to think very bitterly of her by this time. He could not forget that she had made up her mind to leave him, whether he counted the contents of his pocket by pence or pounds. He could not forget her departure in the carriage with the rich man who, from his solid pedestal of gold, looked down upon the poor gentleman with contempt.

He believed now that even had he told her what his prospects were, and showed her the money in his possession, she would have laughed at his prospects and treated his money as a temporary gleam of sunshine in their dismal sky. It was not the first time he had taken home as much—enough to pay their little debts, redeem their pledges, and give them dainty food and wine for a month, to leave them at the end just where they were before.

"I hope I am wrong," he said to himself. "I should not like to believe so of the girl who did love me once, if only while the money lasted. I will try to see her again, and then, if I am not satisfied with her, I will treat her as if I had not taken her to the altar—let her go her own way. Should it take her to destruction the fault will not be mine."

He made an excellent breakfast notwithstanding these reflections, and puzzled the waiter greatly by his change of manner. As for the proprietor, after looking at his guest and watching him for five minutes, he told that self-same waiter he was an idiot not to know a real gentleman when he saw one.

CHAPTER VI.

A LAST CHANCE.

The Park wore a different aspect this afternoon, when Clyde Lorraine made his way to the spot at the appointed time. He was changed more by the change within himself than the change in his outward appearance, but he felt the better for his spotless linen, well-fitting clothes and perfect boots—trifles to the philosophic mind, but essential points in the life we have to follow every day.

He was punctual, but Donald Cameron was waiting—no little act of graceful courtesy was ever neglected by that petted child of fortune—he was there first, though he had not been there a minute.

"When I woke this morning," he said, "my first thought was that we had been foolish not to think of meeting sooner; you might easily have breakfasted with me."

"Or you with me. The same thought occurred to me at my hotel—for I am staying at a hybrid caravansera of that kind near Charing-cross."

"With Mrs. Lorraine?"

"There is no such person, Donnie. We will get over that before we go further. I was known to her and her father as Francis Clyde, for I did not want to use my father's name. I married her as Francis Clyde, and—she left me yesterday."

"You speak as if it were a final separation."

"It is," said Clyde, quietly. "I did not seek it, Cameron, and I am sorry for it."

And then he told his friend all as it had happened.

"A bad business," said Donald gravely, "but not for a moment to be thought of as anything but a temporary matter. From all you have said, I cannot see that there is anything bad in your wife's nature. She has been sorely tried, cramped by privation; and you have the misfortune of not having been on good terms with her friends—always a bad element that."

"A fatal one, in this case."

"Not if properly dealt with. You must take her away from these people, Lorraine. They are her relatives, but they are no more her friends than they are yours."

Clyde shook his head.

"I know that, Donnie, but it is all over now; and let it drop. I did not seek it, and it may be for the best. I have nothing now to stand in my way."

"Not if you follow the original intention, otherwise you will. Whatever resolutions you may make, the fact remains that you have a wife living, and you must either pass as a single man, or tell the truth."

"I am not obliged to tell the world my troubles, Cameron. What does it matter, except to me, whether I am married or single?"

"Not to you, perhaps; but to others. You are young and better looking than most men, and you have a way that would make you liked of women. You would not, I know, wrong any one of them, and you would not give them pain if you could help it."

"We can think of that when the occasion comes," said Clyde.

"Pardon me; you may be too late then. You must either pass as a single man or tell the truth—that you are married. You would not like your wife blamed, as she would be blamed—for the word has only one interpretation for such things,—that the man must be a brute, or the woman degraded beyond recognition."

"True, most sage of monitors, but I had already half resolved to give her a final chance, and then I shall have satisfied myself."

"Do that, and no one can expect more. Now I have the very thing for you, a thorough change, with a fair income and plenty of work. I have not brought you the offer of a sinecure, Lorraine. It is not one of those benevolent secretaryships found in the land of romance, chiefly for young gentlemen of good family and detrimental habits. There is generally, I think, a beautiful ward, or daughter, or heiress thrown in, but here we have nothing of the kind."

"I am growing curious."

"You may remember our old friend, Admiral Grayling?"

"Very well, indeed."

"Well, he has come, by marriage, into a large estate in Ireland, and he wants an agent who will keep it in order and teach the tenantry that the soil does not quite belong to them."

"There is nothing I should like better or so well. When shall I see the admiral—or his man of business?"

"Consider me his man of business, *pro tem.* I knew you would not care to settle hard details with a lawyer. You will have a house, a hunter and a gun, plenty of foxes, and as much game as you can find; for the rest, five hundred the first year, and if you like it and are bullet proof, double that amount as long as you care to stay. What do you say?"

"Done, Cameron."

"That's right. Your grip is twice as strong as it was yesterday, and as for me I shall exchange my native heath for your pestle bog two or three months in the year."

"Six or twelve, if you like."

"There is such a thing as too much generosity," said Cameron, "and though it may be bad taste, I should prefer a feast of thistles to a bed of shamrocks; the one may digest in time, but the other is hard to leave, when the invitation to it comes from behind a hedge. Apart from joking, I have been over the estate, and a more beautiful or romantic place you could not find in Ireland. Mrs. Lorraine will be charmed with it."

"I do not know," said Clyde; "she may prefer her father's house at Edgeware, but we shall see. Do not look so sorry, Cameron, I will use every means in my power, short of going on my knees to her."

"I would not mind doing that to a pretty woman if I wanted to win her," said Cameron; "and why not do the same to keep her if it had the effect? I am rather afraid, Clyde, we of these colder climates use up all our chivalry and poetry before marriage."

"Perhaps the incentive may be lacking afterwards," said Clyde, in the same light voice.

"You are a heathen, Clyde, but you shall not make me one in spite of your five years' experience. But, seriously, you must do this, for the child's sake if not for hers. You must not forget that he, like yourself, is a Lorraine."

[To be Continued.]

She Feared Insanity.

A young lady of Chelsea, who had been shopping in Boston, visited the office of a prominent physician on Saturday, says the Boston *Herald*. She was flushed and excited, and said she had a very strange sensation which led her to apprehend some serious brain trouble—in short, insanity. The peculiar sensation she described was a feeling running around in a circle on the top of her head. The doctor took off her hat and examined her head, but found nothing, and she remarked that the sensation had left her. She put on her hat, and after sitting a few moments jumped up with a scream, saying that it had come again. Another examination followed, first of the head, then of the hat, and in the hat a small but active mouse was discovered. If we can only convey the impression to all ladies who wear large hats to the theater that they are liable to be invested by mice, we shall have earned the thanks of thousands. The little story is true.

The Mobile *Register* takes great delight in telling this little story at the expense of Massachusetts: A very enjoyable concert was given in a small town in that state recently. Among the performers was a popular tenor singer, who was announced by the programme as prepared to perform, among other selections, an "Aria, 'Sound the Alarm,' by Handel." This he sang with strong effect, and was horrified the next day to perceive in the local paper the statement that he had "sung, with great taste and expression, a fine song by Handel, entitled, 'Maria, Sound the Alarm.'"

It is rather worthy of note that a London paper applauds the plain speaking of American critics about Mrs. Langtry and complains of English timidity in dealing with the subject. It is a confession of snobbery on the part of the English press that ought to be good for somebody's soul.

A marriage notice in the Elmira *Advertiser* tops off in this way: "No cards, no cake, no flowers, no presents, and nobody's business." That is pure——

The Water Supply.

Pure water for household use is of the greatest value, and the utmost care should be had that it *is* pure, because none other is fit for domestic use. Everything impure should be kept at a distance from the well, and it should be so constructed that no surface water can get into it. Where a well can be driven it is undoubtedly the best, because nothing can get into it without filtering through the ground; it is considerably cheaper, too, than a dug well. In digging a well people very often make a mistake in not going deep enough. It is apt to be the case that soon as a vein of water is reached, it is supposed to be sufficient, even if it is small, and so after going down far enough to make a little reservoir it is stoned up, and the result is that the next summer, perhaps, the well is dry. This is very annoying, besides being an expensive job. I speak from experience. By not digging deep enough the well fails occasionally, and I contemplate driving one near by so as to have, I hope, a never-failing supply. Water is needed in abundance at the farm buildings, and it should be provided somehow, either by springs, well, a cistern, or else brought from a distance in a pipe. The best time to dig a well is during a severe drouth; and if a good vein is then reached, but little fear need be entertained that the supply will fail. Cisterns should not be constructed under the dwelling, but out of doors. When making a cistern, be sure and make it large enough. Undoubtedly, there is water enough falls on the roofs of farm buildings in the course of the year to supply the stock with drinking water, as well as water for all household purposes; and if it is properly filtered is it a good deal more wholesome than much water that is used.—*New England Farmer.*

Didn't Like His Room.

St. Louis was recently crowded by visitors from the country who came to see the Fair. Among the amusing incidents related of some of them, is one told by the *Republican*, in which a tall, lank, lean countryman stopped at a prominent hotel. The immense crowds he had came in contact with had made him wish time and again that he had stayed at home, and when finally he reached a hotel and was informed that he could get a room by paying the usual price, he breathed a sigh of relief and wanted to go at once to his apartment.

The bell-boy motioned to him to come along. Soon they reached the elevator, and the countryman was told to step in. In an instant he surveyed the elevator, and just as the door was closed, the man cried out:

"Look here, my young man! open that door. I'll see the clerk at the office. If I can't get a bigger room, I'll go to s' m' other shanty. There ain't no candle in here, and the furnishin's pow'full slim."

It was a moment or two before the boy could convince his passenger that he was in the elevator and not in his room. And then there was a rich scene.

When the elevator began to move the countryman seized the rope and pulled it with such violence that the elevator shot up at a rapid speed, nearly scaring the poor man to death.

Great beads of perspiration stood on his forehead, and it was all the boy could do to keep him from jumping through the wire door.

The Undiscovered Draft.

Not a few of those calling themselves students treat their text-books as the "Family Bible" is usually treated. Of one of these loiterers about the gates of knowledge the following story of how he was taught a lesson is told:

An old tradesman in a French town sent his nephew Alfred to study law at Paris. He gave him an old code annotated by a leading member of the country bar, and said,—

"I will pay you a visit in March, and if I am pleased with your progress, I will give you such a tip as will make glad your heart and cause your face to shine."

In March the old gentleman called on his nephew.

"Well, Alfred, hard at work, I see. Made good progress with your code? Pretty well through it by this time, I expect?"

"Yes, respected sir, my life has been one continual grind. Your venerable friend's marginal notes I found of great service while laboring at the code."

"Good boy—excellent young man! You got my draft of course. It is a pleasure to me to reflect that my bounty was not ill-bestowed."

"Your draft, uncle? No; I never received it."

"Show me that code."

The old man opened the book and showed his stupefied nephew a draft for two thousand francs, dated five months before, which had all the time been reposing between the first two leaves of the code!

Undomestic Young Women in Boston.

"Of late I have been impressed with the growing tendency to undomestic habits of the young women in cities," writes a Boston lady to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. "That is, a certain class of young women who are very distinctive, and who are, in a way, the outgrowth, the product of new conditions of life. These are the young women in the professions and in art. The latter, at least here in Boston, numerically very far overbalance those devoted to other avocations. There are here dozens of young women who have their own studios and live separate and independent lives. They are artists in oils, water-colors, specialists in flower painting, or portrait painters. Crayon portraiture is also a specialty. The physicians are usually, so far at least as I know, an older class of women, as naturally they would be. For we have no 'Doctor Zay' as yet, possible as she is to this age. Law has its attractions for Boston young women, and journalism is in high favor—rather fashionable, in fact it is very good form here to have something to do—and to do it."

France, says M. Herve Mangon, produces milk which, if collected, would make a stream 3 feet 4 inches wide and 1 foot 1 inch deep, flowing night and day all the year round. Man, young animals, and the butter and cheese factories utilize this immense product of the farm.

The English public is beginning to learn something about this country. A recent number of the London *Times* contains a quarter of a column of fine type devoted to facts and figures indicating the extent of the Mississippi River and its tributaries. But it places Pittsburg on a branch of the Mississippi in Philadelphia.

Religion and Politics.

The following extracts from the works of Dr. John M. Mason, though spoken half a century ago, has enough of present application to make it worth repeating. A bad theory then was no better than it is now, and had he lived to this day he would have seen in our history an increased need of his words of warning. It seems to indicate the line of argument which the ambassadors of Christ should follow to-day:

That religion has, in fact, nothing to do with the politics of many who profess it, is a melancholy truth. But that it has, of right, no concern with political transactions, is quite a new discovery. If such opinions, however, prevail there is no longer any mystery in the character of those whose conduct in political matters violates every precept and slanders every principle of the religion of Christ. But what is politics? Is it not the science and the exercise of civil rights and civil duties? And what is religion? Is it not an obligation to the service of God, founded on His authority, and extending to all our relations personal and social? Yet religion has nothing to do with politics? Where did you learn this maxim? The Bible is full of directions for your behavior as citizens. It is plain, pointed, awful in its injunctions on ruler and ruled as such; yet religion has nothing to do with politics! You are commanded "in all your ways to acknowledge Him." "In everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, to let your requests be made known unto God." "And whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, to do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." Yet religion has nothing to do with politics! Most astonishing! And is there any part of your conduct in which you are, or wish to be, without law to God, and not under the law of Jesus Christ? Can you persuade yourselves that political men and measures are to undergo no review in the judgment to come? That all the passion and violence, the fraud and falsehood and corruption, which pervade the system of party, and burst out like a flood at the public elections, are to be blotted from the catalogue of unchristian deeds, because they are politics? Oh that a minister of the gospel may see his people in their political career, bid defiance to their God in breaking through every moral restraint, and keep a guiltless silence because religion has nothing to do with politics? I forbear to press the argument farther; observing only that many of our difficulties and sins may be traced to this pernicious notion. Yes, if our religion had more to do with our politics, if, in the pride of our citizenship, we had not forgotten our Christianity, if we had prayed more and wrangled less about the affairs of our country, it would have been infinitely better for us at this day.

Written for the Coshocton Age,

Sectarian Bigotry.

This is a generation of liberal tendencies. Perhaps the pendulum of popular opinion may swing from the extreme of religious bigotry to the extreme of skeptical intolerance, but occasionally we find persons who have not yet began to swing

Some little jumping-jack of a preacher in some minor sect will jump upon the platform and denounce other denominations as "sects," "daughters of the Mother of Harlots," etc., and then all the old grannies in petticoats and grannies in pants in his congregation will echo his slanderous accusations and piously congratulate themselves that they are only "earnestly contending for the faith once delivered to the saints."

We suppose that advice would be lost on such people, but we would remind them that God once said "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

To denounce such bodies as the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian and other great Christian organizations, as the apostate daughters of old Babylon is as false and malicious as anything ever uttered by the old "Father of lies."

One of the well-deserved titles of the devil is "accuser of the brethern." We would remind those who thoughtlessly or otherwise are following his example, that there is such a thing as saying "Thou fool!" to a brother and running into danger of hell fire. He that touches God's people touches the apple of his eye. Hands off here! Don't insult the Bride of Christ by calling her a Harlot. These organizations which you are pleased to deride were saving souls generations before your pigmy sect saw the light. Doubtless these organizations are imperfect both in form and in doctrine, but they have done, and are doing a work which God recognizes and blesses and after they have gone through the wilderness and cleared the ground and broken the soil, it is ill grace for you to follow along a century later and curse them because they have not laid out the fields to the best advantage and gathered out all the stones. Better go and clear some for yourselves.

F. M. CUMMINGS.

Hard Facts.

"The operation of the Golden Rule without which, it is approximat exercise, there can be no regenerate society, demands the Sabbath to enforce and reenforce its re-ipreate duties. And only so far forth as men love themselves, does society give evidence of moral regeneration. Now, wherever society desecrates the Sabbath by labor or amusement, the moral and regenerating forces are always below mediocrity. Pick out the hamlets or cities, or wards of cities, where there are the lowest moral conditions, and there just in proportion the Sabbath is desecrated and ignored. Contrariwise, select the most elevated, moral hamlets, cities, and wards of cities, and there the Sabbath is most sacredly observed. Morality and Sabbath-keeping walk hand in hand in separable affinity. God has joined them in eternal wedlock, and accursed be the hand that would put them asunder! Go to Mexico, South America and Europe, where the Sabbath is profaned by ordinary labor, elections, beer-gardens, Tivolis open dancing, theatres, bull-fights, and universal carousal, and there morality is at its lowest degree among civilized nations. Immorality, degradation, and debauchery are dissolving the foundations of society. Man sinks his honor, woman her purity, and childhood its innocence Poverty, ignorance, disorder, and crime blight and curse society. A standing army alone prevents a suppressed Pandemonium breaking forth in its horrible ghastly atrocities. The blood curdling horrors of the French Revolution sample the dreadful state of so wherever the Sabbath is abolished and religion dethroned. One such example is enough to send a shudder of horror through ten thousands years to come! And there is no middle ground on this question, between keeping the Sabbath holy unto God and its utter licentiousness.

"The Sabbath as Old as Creation."

"That the fourth commandment, the observance of the Sabbath, is a part of the moral law of God, that it is not of Jewish origin and institution, that it is of universal and perpetual obligation, is absolutely certain.

One proof of this is now found, where it might reasonably be looked for, in the Babylonian records, the stone and terra-cotta monuments, which, in late years, have been exhumed in the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris. The argument from this source for the sanctity of the Sabbath is not only unanswerable, but is of the utmost importance. The Sabbath is not a Jewish institution, and so is not done away with in the blotting out of Jewish ordinances.

Reduction of Letter Postage.

The clause of the Postoffice Appropriation bill providing that after July 1, 1883, two cents shall be the postage on each letter weighing less than half an ounce, and which was adopted with the bill on Saturday, will, if it becomes a law, be a half-way step toward one cent postage. which must be the ultimatum of prices under our postage system. With proper economy in securing the employes and railway rates, the department should in a few years become self-sustaining with the postage at one cent on all letters of ordinary weight, and also on letters delivered by carrier under the free delivery system. The obstacles in the ways are high railway rates and other unnecessary expenses due to the fact that the Postoffice Department is used to a great extent to reward political workers. Had it been conducted upon sound business principles the day of American penny postage would be here, and the free delivery system would be extended to all towns of more than 5,000 population. The postal telegraph will also be a consummation of the near future. The demand for speedier communication among all sorts of people must soon result in the establishment of the postal telegraph, and it is possible Congress may yet conclude that it was a mistake to reduce letter postage rather than to retain the present rates and apply the surplus money to the construction of a postal telegraph system.

If the bill becomes a law, and the President will doubtless sign it, three cent stamps now printed will be used after the first of July to pay postage on letters or packages requiring more than two cents.

What it Means.

Tarif for revenue only means that we must get everything we possibly can from foreign countries, as the more we import the larger the revenue. This means death to all manufacturing interests of every kind in this country, and we become a land of farmers, compelled to eat or burn nine-tenths of our produce, with each fellow scramble around trying to sell his surplus at almost any price he can get from a foreigner in order to buy a little sugar, coffee and calico. If any party believes that the people of this country are going to submit to a doctrine which brings about this result, or anything approaching it, then it is fearfully mistaken.

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POLITICAL NOTES.

The Tennessee Legislature passed a resolution last week in favor of a tariff for revenue only, and the Louisville Courier Journal hails the declaration as 'the first forward movement in tariff reform, which, now beginning to take up its line of march, will from this date grow hourly in velocity and force, sweeping down to the convention period, until it becomes an irresistible column of united and unterrified Democrats." It's unkind, perhaps, to say it, but the country is not looking to Tennessee for its political principles these days.

If the Democracy is at all superstitious it will see a bad omen in the attempt at Nashville the other day to start a boom for "Cleveland and Bate." The eagle which was turned loose from the dome of the Capital, bearing a medal inscribed with the names of those gentlemen as candidates for President and Vice President in 1884, couldn't fly. It fell among the telegraph wires and was recaptured. One other part of the transaction was also not reassuring. The eagle bore a rosette made of ribbons of Confederate colors.

The difficult task that lies before Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, is fully recognized by his friends in that State. The profuse promises made during the canvass rest heavily on the party's conscience, and subject it to a nervous strain that is painful to witness. "He means well," the Democratic papers hasten to say of the new Governor, and they ask a suspension of judgment until he has been fairly tried. If the people did not demand performance, what a hilarious time the Pennsylvania Democracy would be having in the first month of the new year!

"The people demand strict economy in the expenditures of their moneys," said Governor Pattison, after saving 20 cents in bus fare by walking through two feet of snow up Capitol Hill to grasp the Helm of State. "The bottiny class will now proceed to weed the cabbages," said Wackford Squeers, the Reformer. "We believe in practicle instruckshun at Dotheboys Hall." —Philadelphia Press.

The old adage about the certainty of breeding political corruption by keeping one party continuously in power is not carried out by the experience of Kansas. The Republicans have had possession of the State Government for twenty-two years, and yet the first Democratic Governor can find no irregularities out of which to manufacture party capital. There is over $600,000 in the treasury, the taxes for last year have not yet been spent and the State dent is so small that a tax of four tenths of a mill on the dollar meets the interest. The permanent school fund is growing and the income from it meets all the expenses for school purposes. Governor Glick had nothing to find fault with and so had to content himself with growling about the prohibitory amendment.

The drift of public opinion is being carefully watched by the shrewder Democrats. They were not deceived by the tidal wave of last fall, though the great mass of the party doubtless rest confidently in the expectation of a victory already assured. The Baltimore Day says: "Two or three elections which have taken place demonstrate that the force of Republican indignation against the extravagance and mismanagent of the politicians of that party has spent itself, and that many of those who voted two months ago for Democratic candidate or else abstained from voting are now prompt to rally to the support of any regular Republican nominee, with a view to reversing, so far as may be, their former action." It is evident that there is greater diligence in noting the signs on the political horizon than heretofore, and that an effort is to be made to keep the Democracy from blundering next year, if that is possible.

The Iowa Constitution Prohibitor amendment, adopted by popular vote last June, was declared invalid by the Supreme Court at Des Moines Thursday. The reasons assigned are that the journal of the House does not show that the amendment was passed, and also that it varied in form and substance from the measure in the Senate. This being the case, the next Legislature cannot correct the mistakes of its predecessor, and the Amendment fails. Judge Beck dissents.

Gov. Butler's consent to become Democratic candidate for the Presidency is not booming through the South like a wild tornado.

John McSweeney says Allen O'Myers is a louse. Nevertheless Allen O. has been making McSweeney scratch lively.

Repudiation.

Repudiation of State debts is one form of swindling; the defalcation of officers by virtually stealing the public money and appropriating it to private uses is another form; and between the two there is no difference in the principle involved. Both are rascalities, and differ only in extent and degree. Both are betrayals of trust. Repudiation is the larger rascality, since it is generally the larger cheat in the amount of the swindle, and is always perpetrated by much the larger number of persons. It takes the majority of the people of a State to repudiate a State debt, since their will is the law of the State; but a single public officer is sufficient for the crime of defalcation. Tennessee is, just now, by a not unnatural coincidence, displaying the beauties of swindling in both these forms. It is but recently that the people elected a legislature on the distinct issue whether swindling or honesty should control that body and decided in favor of swindling. That legislature has already convened and is ready to execute the will of the people. The Treasurer of the State, belonging to one of the first families of the State, and having the custody of public funds, has imitated the example set by the people for a series of years. They have proved false to their credit and to the faith reposed in them by their creditor, and he has proved false to the trust confided to him. They have refused to pay their honest debts and thus deprived others of what was their due; and he has taken for his own use what did not belong to him, but did belong to them, as the people composing the State of Tennessee. How do they like cheating perpetrated by a public officer upon and against them? Of course, not at all, and the criminal will be brought to justice. Do they suppose that their creditors like cheating any better when perpetrated against them by the majority of the people of Tennessee? Repudiation is cheating; defalcation is cheating; and, if Tennessee is now getting a little of what she has been doing a great deal and seems determined to continue doing, she is simply enjoying in a small way the kind of luxury which she has forced upon others.

Presidential Succession.

The Constitution provides that, "in case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice President," and that "Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death resignation, or inability both of the President and Vice President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall act accordingly, until the disability shall be removed or a President be elected." Congress has, in the latter of these cases, provided that "the President of the Senate, or, if there is none, then the Speaker of the House of Representatives, for the time being, shall act as President, until the disability is removed or a President elected." It so happened that, when President Garfield died, and Vice President Arthur assumed the duties of the office, there was no President of the Senate and no Speaker of the House of Representatives; and hence, if Mr. Arthur had died during this State of things, there would have been no person authorized to act as President. The bill, which has just been passed by the Senate, makes a radical change in respect to the succession to the Presidential office, providing that, in the event of a vacancy of the office of both President and Vice-President, the duties of the office shall devolve, for the remainder of the term, on the Secretary of State, if there be one, and, if there be none, then on the Secretary of the Treasury, and so on, in order, to the Secretary of the Interior, who comes last in the line of succession, with the provison that no member of the Cabinet shall assume the duties of the office who has not been confirmed by the Senate. This we regard as an improvement upon the law as it now stands, as it supersedes the necessity of a special Presidential election in the event supposed, and greatly increases the certainty that there will be some person who is legally competent to assume and discharge the duties of the office. We think well of the bill for its particular purpose, yet it is by no means all that Congress should seek to secure in respect to the Presidential office. What is wanted is an amendment to the Constitution, changing the mode of electing the President, limiting his service to a single term of six years, and amply providing for succession to the office in the event of his removal, death, resignation, or inability to discharge the duties of the office.

CURRENT EVENTS.

DORSEY has resigned his position as Secretary of the National Republican Committee.

IN the Indiana Senate, Thursday, a bill was introduced to punish rape by castration.

THE barbers of Hamilton, Ohio, have been indicted by the Grand Jury for keeping their shops open on Sunday.

THE Secretary of the Treasury recommends an appropriation of $100,000 for a fire proof building, to protect the records of the Executive Department.

AUGUST SCHELLER, barkeeper in the New Hall House at Milwaukee, has been arrested, charged with starting the fire. The evidence is said to be conclusive.

AT San Francisco last week the city and county got judgment in the Superior Court for $154,000 against the Spring Valley Water Company for taxes last year on the franchise with penalty and interest.

A RUSSIAN nobleman, named Otto Goodknecht, and claiming to have been exiled on account of his liberal political views, is at present driving a smallpox ambulance for the Chicago Health Department at a salary of $50 per month.

Two females of the Salvation Army have instituted suits of $10,000 damages each for slander against Rev. Charles Pelletreau, rector of the Episcopal Church at Patterson, N. J. Pelletreau severely criticised the proceedings of the army.

AT Toronto, Hugh Wise and Chas. Phillips were found guilty of manslaughter in having caused the death of Wm. Long. The affair is the outcome of the Orange trouble on the 12th of July last, when Long was so badly kicked and beaten that he died a few days after. Wise is an Orangeman of some repute.

CHILI has just celebrated the first anniversary of the occupation of Lima. The Peruvians would doubtless be happy to have the assurance of being able to celebrate the anniversary of the evacuation of their capital even five years hence. There are no signs that the conquerors mean to restore the city to Peru.

WHILE George Burns was accompanying Miss Messers, aged fourteen, home from church, in Jackson township, Jackson county, O., he knocked her senseless and assaulted her in a most brutal manner. He was followed into Pike county and captured at a dance. Miss Messer's injuries are of a very serious character.

OFFICERS of the leading temperance organizations of Iowa, in view of the decision by the Supreme Court holding the prohibitory constitutional amendment not in force, have called a State Convention of friends of temperance to be held at Des Moines, February 7, to consult upon the line of policy to be pursued for the future.

AT Chicago last Friday a jury, after being out a number of hours, returned a verdict, finding Ling Ah Dwe guilty of the murder of Ling Quom, and fixed the punishment in the penitentiary for life. Ling Ah Yeu, tried as an accessory, was acquitted. There is at least one Chinaman who will not respond to Kearney's ultimatum that the "Chinese must go."

A LARGE number of prominent residents of Washington were fined $2 each in the Police Court yesterday for neglecting to have the snow removed from their sidewalks, in accordance with law, among them General Hazen and Green B. Raum, Attorney General Brewster failed to appear when his name was called, and the Prosecuting Attorney said he should have to ask that a warrant be issued for him.

GOV. PATTISON, the new Democratic Executive of Pennsylvania, in his inaugural address declared vehemently against the power and monopolizing spirit of great corporations, asserting that "corporate lawlessness must be made as amenable to punishment as personal lawlessness, and within an hour appointed Lewis Cassidy, the attorney of several of the most grasping monopolies in the State, as his Attorney General.

THREE terrific explosions took place Saturday in the gunpowder manufactory in Muiden, Holland, where nearly all the houses were unroofed by the concussion. The neighboring towns and villages were much damaged. The loss of life is unknown, but it is feared that forty persons perished. Windows in Amsterdam, which is eight miles from Muiden, were broken. Twelve workmen were in the building at the time of the explosion.

JOHN MEEKER, jointly indicted with John Karlsson for the murder of Felix McCarthy, of Newburg, N. Y., entered a plea of man-slaughter in the second degree and then testified for the prosecution, telling the story of the murder as well as he could recall it, being intoxicated at the time of commission of the crime. Karlsson in his own defense, denied all incriminating allegations of Meeker, and testified he did not know who killed McCarthy.

THE subject of readjustment or partial repudiation of State debts is to have some consideration at the hands of Congress. A Southern member of Congress is preparing a bill concerning these matters, in which cognizance is taken of the readjustment of State debts in Tennessee and Virginia, the repudiation of certain railroad bonds in Minnesota and in Yankton county, Dakota, and proposes to make West Virginia pay her share of the Virginia State debt. The author says that there is altogether too much repudiation and partial repudiation, and that the example of the States above mentioned is likely to be followed by more extended refusal to recognize obligations in Southern States hampered by war burdens. The bill is obligatory upon the States, and will involve the question of State Sovereignty.

SATURDAY, near Tehachapa Station, California, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, by some means a train got away, while the engine was detached, and started northward down a grade of one hundred and twenty feet to the mile. The train consisted of two engines, express, mail, and baggage cars, two sleepers, one coach, and a smoker. It went down the grade at a frightful speed for about four miles, when the hindermost sleeper jumped the track and went over the embankment about fifteen feet high, carrying with it the other sleeper, the mail, baggage and express cars, which were piled in a shattered heap, took fire and were consumed. The coach and smoker kept on down the grade and were stopped, without leaving the track, about two miles further on, with all on board uninjured. Twenty lives were lost.

CHARLES SHAW a colored boy was hanged at Washington D. C. Friday at 12:45 for the murder of his sister on the 16 of January, 1881. Shaw retired early last night and rested well. He was nervous and excitable as the hour of exeution approached, and at times shed tears and times uterred imprecations against those having him in charge. Father Hurley, of St. Augustine Church of which Shaw was a communicant, attended him at the scaffold. The procession was formed at forty minutes past 12 with Warden Crocker and the hangman in front, followed by Shaw in charge of two officers. Father Hurley and an assistant brought up the rear, repeating the service for the dead. Shaw looked calm and self-possessed walking to the scaffold with a steady step. No time was lost after reaching the scaffold. The noose was quietly adjusted, he kissed the crucifix, the black cap was placed over his head, and, after bidding him good by, the Warden gave the signal and the drop fell immediately. Shaw died almost without a struggle.

AT Quincy, Ill., last Friday, the Quincy House, one of the largest hotels in the county, burned. The fire was discovered by one of the guests on the third floor, who was on the second floor at the time, called the porters, and sent them to every room in the building to alarm the guests. Many of the guests were in the breakfast room but a large number were still asleep. Men, women and children rushed to the street, few waiting to dress; but the fire burned slowly and no lives were lost. Katie Butler, one of the chambermaids, had a narrow escape. Having gone to her room to get out her trunk, her clothing caught fire and she was badly burned about the head and face. Her injuries are not considered serious. William Stockelback, detective on the police force, had a leg broken by falling down stairs. He had gone into the burning building to rescue any one who might need assistance, and becoming blinded by the smoke, fell the full length of one of the stairways. There were in the hotel about fifty regular boarders, fifteen transient guests, and forty-two servants. Nearly all the guests and boarders lost everything. Loss $100,000.

A Black Eye for Pattison.

The administration of the new Democratic Governor of Pennsylvania got a fearful black eye from a Democrat in good standing on the first day of its existence. Among Mr. Pattison's Cabinet appointments sent to the Senate for confirmation, was the name of Lewis C. Cassidy, of Philadelphia, a corporation lawyer of reputation, but a gentleman of unsavory political record, nominated to be Attorney General The other nominations of the Governor had been confirmed without opposition, but when the name of Mr. Cassidy came up, Senator Kennedy, a young Democrat representing one of the Philadelphia districts, in a twenty-minute speech, denounced the candidate as unworthy the trust, and the appointment as a violation of the pledges of reform on which Governor Pattison was elected. The young Senator boldly questioned the political integrity of Mr. Cassidy. He said that the public was given to understand, before the election, when the probabilities of this appointment were being discussed, that it would not be made. He said that the grounds for the appointment were "that public offices are public spoils to be distributed by the governing power, or by the party who holds the patronage for the purpose of rewarding personal favors." In concluding Mr. Kennedy said:

"I feel constrained to vote against this nomination because it is distasteful to every Democrat who, as I said before, has the interests of his party and of his State at heart; because, in my opinion, and I am not going to be careful about the words I use, it gives the lie to all our promises of reform during the last campaign. I have sufficient confidence in the Democracy as a party to feel that they can redeem themselves from the effects of this blow, but I have my own doubts about the future success of an administration that attempts to force upon the people of this Commonwealth such an appointment.'

The significance of Senator Kennedy's remarks are enhanced by the fact that he represents Mr. Cassidy's district, and was warmly supported by that gentleman in the Senatorial contest. The vigorous protest of the young Senator had no effect, however, other than to delight the Republicans and disgust the Democrats. Cassidy was confirmed, Kennedy being the only Senator who voted against him. The Republican Senators all voted for confirmation on the ground of party policy, regarding the selection of Cassidy as a big point against the new Democratic administration.

Don Cameron's Blunder.

A Washington dispatch to the New York Sun concerning Don Cameron's attack upon the memory of General Thomas says:

The injustice which is claimed to have been done to General George H Thomas, by Senator Don Cameron, in his speech in support of the Fitz John Porter bill, has killed it stone dead in the House. The speech is all the more effective in this direction, because it has aroused the intensest feeling on the part of many who, if they were not before positively friendly to the bill, were willing to see it pass. The paternity of the Senator's speech is much in question. It is not ascribed to him. It is ascribed variously; General Porter himself, Horace Porter, Mr. Moulton and several others being names as its possible author. It may have been a joint production. Whatever may be the fact, it was a great mistake, for it has aroused an opposition which would be serious for a bill with ever so good a prospect.

Cameron's speech causes no little comment independent of the question of its paternity. It was printed in advance, and the extraordinary course was taken of distributing it in the Senate galleries and lobbies before it was pronounced. This was a strange proceeding to say the least. The speech contributed nothing to the strength of the bill in the Senate; its passage there was already assured, and seemingly there was another motive than a desire to help the bill.

Of the 150,000 living men, who as soldiers served under the eye of General Thomas, Pennsylvania has her share. If the Senator does not hereafter feel this, it will be because men become forgetful. It is believed that there is no body of men so thoroughly united or zealous in favor of any similar object, as Thomas' old soldiers' are in guarding his fame. One of them, himself and officer of distinction, and not unfriendly to the Porter bill, remarked: "Mr. Cameron will be taught to do his own thinking, and, in doing it, to think more wisely than to travel out of his way to question the loyalty of General Thomas at any period of his life, whether his object be to save another or to help his own declining political prospects.

Tinkering With the Tariff.

Ever since the assembling of Congress the committee upon ways and means has been wrestling with the tariff question, but it now begins to look as if no bill would be passed this session. A member of the committee in an interview said "Of course, we cannot predict with any certainty the passage of the bill. I am inclined to believe that it will pass for the reasons: Both parties in the House recognize it as a demand of the people. The Republicans feel that they would make a great mistake if they allowed this Congress to close without an effort to revise the tariff. The Democrats feel the same way, and are especially anxious that the Republicans should pass this bill, for if they do not, the Democrats will be obliged to pass one next year. While they know there is a certain credit to be gotten out of the passage of such a bill, they also recognize the fact that there are multitudes of interests affected by the revision which will make a point to oppose in the Presidential year the party responsible for the revisions. The Democrats do not care to go into the Pesidential year handicapped by any such opposition, and they will make an effort to pass the bill this session. On the other hand, there are so many opposing interests to be considered that an endless discussion seems likely to follow the consideration of the bill which may eventually kill it, so you see our labor may be lost." There is some doubt expressed that the bill may all be lost." There is some doubt expressed that the bill may come up and crowd the regular appropriation bills, so that an extra session may be inevitable.

Ike Hill on Pendleton.

Ike Hill, the ringtailed roarer, of Newark who took such a prominent part in the Democratic Congressional Circus that produced B'riar Wilkins, the pygmy, last summer, was interviewed at Washington a few days ago. He said:

"Pendleton is the most unpopular man in Ohio. The Democrats of my district would not vote for him for constable. His civil service reform bill has killed him for ever. The Democrats of this country don't want civil service reform. We want the offices, and we want them all. I talked with Democrats from all over the State at Cleveland last week, and there were none who favored Pendleton."

"John G. Thompson is working for him," said I.

"No, he ain't! Don't I know John Thompson? Didn't I come down on the train with him to-day? John can't afford to support Pendleton. He is too heavy. John's got to shuck him. Pendleton thinks he'll go to the Senate again. He won't. He'll never come to Washington from Ohio again. I helped elect him. I got him five votes; I wouldn't give him one now. I'm agin him, and I'm agin him strong."

"Why not?"

"Why?" with a roar, "I'll tell you why. He ain't a Democrat. He drinks w-i-n-e. Who ever heard of a Democrat drinking wine? That's all I need to tell my people about him. He's too d—d æsthetic. I'll tell you how it'll be. Billy Armstrong will come down to Columbus with four bottles of wine to work for Pendleton, I'll go there with two bottles of liquor to support Converse. Billy will be beaten, but will mix the drinks, and he'll go back to Cleveland as happy as ever. Billy is always beaten, and he always goes off happy."

"What is that about Converse. George L. Converse is not a candidate for the Senate?"

"Ain't he?" responded the talkative Isaac, "ain't he? He is going to be the next Senator from Ohio as sure as the Democrats get the next Legislature. George Converse is a candidate for everything. He is a candidate for the Speakership, and he'll get it. He's Randall's second choice, and Blackburn's second choice. He's the second choice of all of them, and he'll be elected. This will make him Senator, and perhaps put him in the White House, too. George Converse is the greatest man in Ohio, and he has no such d—— foolishness as Pendleton. He is playing a sharp game, and he will win."

"Will he be a candidate for Governor?"

"No! Geddes is going to be the nominee for Governor. We want him to get the Methodist vote like we took Dick Bishop for the Campbellite's. Geddes will get the saloon vote, too. He's agin sumptuary laws, and the liquor men know he will vote for them With both these elements we can beat the Republicans, and have both the Senator and the Governor."

At this point Hill went off to drink—his breath smelled as though he had been drinking before he met me—and I turned to a Democrat near by who said: "Do you know why Ike Hill is so down on Pendleton?"

"No," was my reply. "But I suppose because he is an office-seeker."

"Yes, partly that, but there is something more. Ike thinks, you know, that he is 'a bigger man than old Grant.' He carries his party on his shoulders, and he pretends here that he makes and unmakes every Ohio Democrat. To hear him talk you would think he was a little tin god on wheels. Well he called on Pendleton the other day. I think it was at his house. He was met by a servant at the door. With his grandiloquent air he said: "Tell Senator Pendleton I want to see him."

The negro usher asked him for his card, saying the Senator was engaged. but he would take it up.

I responded: "I don't need any card. Tell him Ike Hill wants to see him."

The servant went off and returned saying, "Mistah Pendleton is engaged for a short time, but if Mistah Hill would wait or call again he would be pleased to see Mistah Hill." "Ike," concluded this gentleman, "went away angry, and he has never spoken to Pendleton since."

Stricken Erin.

A correspondent of the Boston *Herald* writes from Dublin:

I have just returned from the famine districts of County Donegal, where more than three thousand people are in a starving condition, existing from day to day on the meagre relief afforded by scattering charity. The whole North of Ireland is in a most wretched condition. The same nature of things exist to a large extent in the West, but the destitution is not, as a rule, so complete as it is in the places where I have just come from. In many cabins I entered during the past few days the sole articles of consumption were limited to a quantity of Indian meal and a slight portion of seaweed. In most of the villages whole families exist in that manner. On the north and west coasts, where the soil is either mostly composed of rocks or mud, special destitution prevails this season, owing to the complete destruction of the grain crop in September by a terrible tornado and the rotting of the entire potato crop owing to the constant rain.

The worst cases of famine I saw in the parishes of Killybegs and Glencolumbkill. In the latter parish Rev. Father Gallager was working with superhuman energy to save the people from death. I found him in a driving rain, in mud up to his ankles superintending a gang of men who were digging drains to be paid for from the funds sent in charity. The inhabitants are strongly opposed to receiving money as a gift, but the average applications received by Rev. Father Gallager for work are between two thousand and three thousand daily. About four hundred men are now employed at a shilling per day, for which many walk 10 miles before day-break and work with feverish energy until dark before returning home. The women and girls are all employed in knitting and other work, for slender compensation.

In the Killybegs district the famine, though not so extensive, is equally painful. The condition of the people is hopeless. Both the priest and Protestant clergyman are very old and incapable of brotherly caring for the sufferers. While here I saw a sick man, whose three children were absolutely naked, shivering over a fire of damp hay, almost asleep under a pile of filthy rags, the rain dropping through the roof. Relief is coming very slowly, and despair is staring everybody in the face.

Many spectacles I observed in hovels of families, of the most revolting and pathetic character. In a place thirty Irish miles beyond the railway such general destitution prevails that twenty tons of Indian meal per week are required to keep the people barely alive. All the farms are small and wretched in quality, and the people are honest, sober, and industrious. This place was visited by Trevelyan one week ago. His party munificently left 10 shillings among the starving families, but would promise no official relief.

Growing Potatoes.

Here is my experience in my potato growing the last two years: I plow the ground deep in October, using a jointer on the plow and turning all the sod under, and then in winter the manure is hauled on and spread. As soon as the soil is dry and the weather warm enough—in March or about the first of April—the ground is well stirred up with the double-shovel plow and thoroughly harrowed until it is as fine and smooth as the onion beds of most people. Then I run furrows, using a two horse plow, throwing the furrows out each way. I set the plow shallow and don't let it go too deep. In using the shovel-plow the soil falls in behind the plow and is not left nice for covering with the harrow. I cut the seed potatoes some three or four weeks before I expect to plant, spread them in a thin layer, and sift plaster or lime over them Thus treated, they will come up stronger and also earlier. I always plant as soon as the weather will admit; for late planted potatoes do not thrive in this section, on account of insect pests, and, if there happens to be a drought, they are generally injured more than the early ones.

The potatoes are cut to one eye in a piece, and the furrows are three feet wide, the "seed" being dropped about 18 inches apart; but when I want to grow something extra I plant about 2½ feet in the row. When all are dropped they are covered with the harrow, which can be done very easily, as the ground is thrown up on each side of the furrow; and when the earth is completely leveled they are all nicely covered; and as soon as they begin to come up I put on the harrow. There is no danger of tearing them out. Then in three or four days I put the double shovel plow to work, and work once a week until the tops fall over. They are never worked after that; but the hoe is used in keeping out the weeds, as potatoes and weeds were never made to grow together, I cultivate as nearly level as possible, as I consider it the height of foolishness to ridge up potatoes.

The last season I had an experimental plot, on which twenty-one varieties were tested, half a pound of each having been planted on the same day. All received the same cultivation, but the results were quite different. Some of the old and degenerated varieties—such as the Fluke, Cowhorn, Blue Neshannock, Peachblow, etc.—didn't yield one-tenth as much as some of later date. Below I will give the results from half a pound of cut "seed" planted in each case:

Mammoth Pearl	137	Chicago Market	73
Grange	130	Ontario	85
White Elephant	121	Compton's Surprise	17
B. of Hebron	109	Blue Victor	63
Belle	105	B. Neshannock	7
St. Patrick	101	Watson seedling	35
Clark's No. 1	92	Peerless	55
Snowflake	42	Dunmore	64
Magnum Bonum	70	Early Ohio	62
Early Rose	48	White Star	80

The plot was fertilized with 30 bushels of wood ashes and 15 bushels of hen-dropping to the acre. Some will ask what would be my choice of all the leading varieties for the main crop. To all such I would say: Give me for early, Beauty of Hebron, Ontario, and White Star; for second early, the White Elephant, Grange, and St. Patrick, and next Mammoth Pearl, Belle, and Blue Victor; but, if I was to be restricted to four only, give me the Beauty of Hebron, White Elephant, White Star, and Mammoth Pearl for the main crops We have potatoes that possess really finer qualities than any of these; but they are poor yielders so that they are desirable only for family use.

I exhibited twenty-five varieties of potatoes at the West Virginia State Fair, at Wheeling, where I secured the red ribbon on the White Elephant over all other competitors and was also successful in carrying off the first premium on several other varieties.

Probably no other vegetable is of more importance the world over than the potato. Therefore, whatever can be done to increase its productiveness or to improve its quality should be taken advantage of by all who are interested in its cultivation. There is no disguising the fact that the potato, when propagated year after year from tubers in the usual manner, is subject to deterioration, degeneration or a continual "running out" of its productive capacities. Where are our Flukes, Cow-horns, Mercers, Neshannocks, Peachblows and other standard varieties of twenty-five years ago? Meager indeed, are the returns from our old favorites. Their day has passed, and others have taken their places, and these in turn must give way to others when they become unproductive, as they certainly will; but yet there are farmers in my neighborhood who still cling to some of those old varieties, apparently through "contrariness."—THEODORE NEFF in Rural New Yorker.

BELMONT Co., OHIO.

December Export of Breadstuffs.

The export of the chief of the Bureau of Statistics for December, 1882, shows that the exports of breadstuffs reached a valuation of $17,086,041 a gain of $3,279,641 over the corresponding month of 1881. While the exports of barley, cornmeal, oats and wheat fell below those of December, 1881, there was an increase in the quantity of Indian corn, rye, and wheat flour shipped to foreign ports. The decrease in wheat exported is shown to be 170,-923 bushels, but there has been a decided increase in the shipment of wheat flour, the exports amounting to 1,031,-875 barrels in December, 1882, against 404,355 barrels in December, 1881. The report also furnishes the figures for the calendar years ending December 31, 1881, and 1882. The total exports of breadstuffs last year reached a valuation of $182,682,734, while those of 1881 amounted to $224,124,832, a decrease of $41,442,098. The exports of the various articles during the two years were as follows:

Exports.	1881.	1882.
Barley, bush	228,064	[illegible]
Indian corn, bush	72,488,401	[illegible]
Corn meal, bbls	404,188	288,544
Oats, bush	519,865	[illegible]
Rye, bush	985,007	[illegible]
Wheat, bush	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wheat flour, bbls	6,718,014	[illegible]

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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The Coshocton Age

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

—BY—

J. F. MEEK.

OFFICE: MAIN STREET, OPERA HOUSE

TERMS:

One year, in advance $1 50
Six months 75c
Three months 40c

THIS paper will not be sent to foreign subscribers unless paid in advance.

SOME one with an important fact to communicate, sends us a neatly addressed postal card with the message side blank. Absent minded.

THE Tribune Almanac for 1883, is out and, as in years past, is a miniature encyclopedia. No one's library is complete without this Almanac.

THERE was not a legal execution in the State of Ohio last year, but a census would show a plentiful supply of cranks who would grace the end of a rope very appropriately.

THE Barnesville Enterprise, one of the best local papers in Eastern Ohio, is issuing a Saturday edition which it calls the *Saturday News*. The editor of the Enterprise is truly enterprising.

ZANESVILLE people diverted a proposed railroad from Caldwell, and the business men of the latter town have each entered into $1000 bond, pledging themselves never more to patronize Zanesville wholesale houses.

THE Democracy of Knox county is to receive a new ally by the establishment of a Prohibition newspaper. It is to be published from the Democratic Banner office with a meddlesome goody-goody preacher as nominal editor.

POLITICS in Ohio for the year 1883 will be interesting. A Governor, Legislature and nearly all the State officers to elect. The Republican party will have pitted against it the Democrats and the Prohibitionists, and it behooves them to be up and doing.

THE Auditor of Jefferson county returned the number of school children in that county at 6,000, when in reality there were only 4,000, and as a result they are entirely cut off from any aid from the State for their schools. Six thousand dollar has been retained by the State to make good the fraud.

WE would advise all our readers who think of making a vegetable or flower garden this spring to send to D. M. Ferry & Co, Detroit, Mich., and get their valuable and beautiful Seed Annual. The house is entirely reliable, and if you wish to get exactly what you order you cannot do better than to entrust your orders to them.

L. A. BRUNNER, Representative from Wyandot county, has introduced a bill in the House to prevent the overcrowding of churches. Now, some statesman of equal mental calibre should make himself famous by introducing a bill authorizing an appropriation to be expended for fine tooth combs to be used in searching for churches to which the Brunner bill might be applied.

J. N. CHAMPION, a "blarsted Britisher," who has been from the mother country just four years, writes us from Cincinnati that he will be glad to furnish us London letters at ten dollars per column. Mr. Champion is certainly possessed of the *Champion* check of the 19th century. Whoever heard of a country editor having ten dollars at one time!

THE Grand Army of the Republic encampment at Youngstown last week was a great time for old soldiers. Gen. Clark was re-elected Commander; Mushower, Vice Commander; Hayte, Junior Vice Commander; Timmerman re-elected Medical Director, Byers re-elected Chaplain, and Peters selected as Historian. The next annual encampment will be held at Zanesville.

SORROW will be brought to the hearts of many country boys when they learn that the Greiner hawk law has been repealed by the Legislature, as it cuts off a very profitable source of revenue—to the nimrod. Township clerks and county commissioners, we opine, will not sorrow. Coshocton county paid out for the year ending Sept. 4, $352.05. Green county paid $800 and Franklin $1000.

SUNDAY night a freight conductor and a brakeman broke into a car of their train, broke a hole into a wine keg, drank what they wanted, cut a limberger cheese, and got gloriously drunk. They got into Dennison all O. K., were arrested and held for trial. We can understand how they managed to pilot their train with their stomachs full of wine, but when the limberger is added we can't understand it.

THE Pittsburg Daily Dispatch has recently been added to our exchange list, and we can truthfully say there is none that excels. It is a marvel of neatness and enterprise, and every number contains a host of things good for the intellectual man. Besides all the news of the day, it discusses in a fearless manner all important topics arising and in a clear and edifying way. A weekly edition is also published that is possessed of equal merit.

THE Allisons, a Holmes county family, think they have struck it rich. They claim they are heirs to an immense landed estate in and about Washington City and in Virginia, and said to contain several hundred acres besides a large amount of money in the Bank of England. One of them, an ex-commissioner of the county, has been East to look up more of the relatives with a view of effecting an organization to take steps for getting possession of the wealth. There are a large number of the family scattered here and there, and by the time the affair is settled there will not be a good grease spot for each one.

THE business of contestants for seats in Congress is likely to get a black eye if the bill introduced by Mr. Cox, of North Carolina, becomes a law. Hitherto it has not been a very bad thing for a party to contest a seat, as the committee usually failed to act until about the close of the term, and it made little matter which won. The case was decided; Congress voted to pay the contestant. The bill introduced provides that no money shall be allowed to a contestant unless the House shall vote that there were good grounds for a contest, and that then only actual expenses shall be allowed, not to exceed $2,000. If passed it will be a very healthful reform, and effect a large saving to the Government.

THE census report is now in the hands of the public printer, and when completed will make fifteen large volumes. Before publishing, however, an appropriation must be made by Congress.

A bill is now before Congress appropriating $100 000 for this purpose. This sum is small compared with the millions already used on the census, and may very likely be needed; nevertheless the orginal amount fixed for this purpose was long ago exceeded, and no member, in voting the present addition, can feel at all sure that next winter another demand will not be made on the same grounds. We are now in 1883, and unless the results of the census of 1880 are soon laid before the public they will be rather stale. In a country that makes little progress from year to year this tardiness might be of small consequence, but in America the statistics of 1880 are fast becoming ancient history.

Newspapers Without Self-Respect.

The New Philadelphia Advocate remarks:

The Commissioners of Coshocton county are putting the Democratic papers of that county on half rations. That is, they have adopted a resolution to the effect that all advertising required by law to be published in a Democratic newspaper be made in the Coshocton Democrat and the Standard-Commenwealth, each to be allowed half the compensation allowed by law, provided they both make said publication, and if one of them makes such publication, said newspaper receive the full amount allowed by law. That is, each Democratic paper will be paid only half as much as is paid to the Republican paper and the German paper. We suppose, of course, this *applies only to such advertising as the Commissioners control, and that is mighty little when you sift it down to their legitimate sphere.* No paper with any self-respect will do advertising on any such condition.

THE North American Review for February opens with a symposium in which six prominent theologians, representing as many religious denominations, give expression of their views upon the question of the "Revision of Creeds." Prof. Alexander Winchell, in an article entitled, "The Experiment of Universal Suffrage" institutes a profound inquiry into the essential conditions of stable popular government, which he finds to be, substantially, virtue and intelligence; but these conditions, he maintains, are absolutely unattainable under our existing political system, where an electorate either ignorant or vicious, or both, by the mere force of superior numbers, practically nullifies the suffrages of the better and wiser portion of the people, whose right to control the government of the commonwealth is grounded in the very nature of things. Bishop McQuaid writes of "The Decay of Protestantism," and in essaying to prove his thesis, makes a very adroit use of the admissions of protestant writers. "The Political Situation" is the joint title of two articles, the one by Horatio Seymour, the other by Geo. S. Boutwell, who offer their respective views upon the causes of the recent overthrow of the Republican party. An article by Dr. D. A. Sargent, on "Physical Education in Colleges," treats a subject of prime importance to the welfare of the youths in our higher educational institutions. Finally, there are two articles on "The Standard Oil Company," Senator Camden of West Virginia defending that corporation against its assailants, and John C. Welch setting forth the reasons for condemning it as a dangerous monopoly. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

A Chapter of Horrors.

The opening weeks of the new year have been fraught with many horrible accidents and loss of life. First came the Milwaukee horror, where an avaricious saloon keeper, hoping to obtain the pitiful insurance upon his stock of distilled poison fired the hotel, and nearly one hundred lives were swallowed up in the flames. Following close on the heels of this, a theatre in Poland Russia, became ignited during a performance, and many lives were lost. The great floods in Europe, whereby thousands of families had their all swept away, were cast upon the world homeless, and many lives were lost, next startled the world, to be immediately followed by the collision of two vessels—the Mariposa and Carminia, at sea, off Long Island Sound. The only survivor of the wreck told his story to the New York Tribune thus:

The crew were all asleep but the watch, who, according to the account given by the officers of the steamer, might as well have been asleep. Suddenly the sleeping crew were awakened by the sound of a whistle. The mate shouted to them to rise. They dressed themselves leisurely, supposing that they were wanted to take in sail. The mate shouted again, and they arrived on deck just as the collision with the steamer (which had discovered their light too late to avoid the impending accident) took place. There was but one boat on board. This was lowered, but as the brig sank instantly, it was sucked under, and all were drowned but the one man, who was providentially rescued by some of the steamer's crew.

Then came the burning of the hotel at Quincy, Ills., and the Planters at St. Louis; to be followed by a terrific explosion of gun powder in Holland, whereby twenty men were sent to eternity; and finally, Saturday last, several more horrors were added to the list. Railroad wrecks and steam vessel wrecks, with no telling how many lives lost, and all the result of carelessness, make up the appalling record of one day. In New Mexico a train is blockaded by snow. Engines are sent to the rescue which rush into the blockaded train; other rescuing engines, plunging through the snow storm, crash into the first engines, making a distressingly expensive pile of ruin, thereby destroying six engines to save one. On the Southern Pacific a train gets away from the train men, rushes at a fearful speed down a decline, is dashed to pieces and many persons killed and burned to death. In the North Sea the steamship Cimbria, of the Hamburg-American line, collided with the British steamer Sultan, and went to the bottom in a moment. The loss of life is unknown, but it must be great, as more than 500 people were on board, and the latest reports are that more than 400 are missing. The accident is similar to the one which wrecked the Pomerania, also of the Hamburg-American line, off Dover, in November, 1879, when about fifty persons were lost, and when Captain Schwensen acted so brave a part that he was applauded the world over.

LATER: When the above was written, it was the hope that the horrors of the first month of the new year were ended; but now comes news from San Francisco, saying that the Giant Powder Works near Oakland exploded Sunday, and thirty employes were instantly killed.

Superstitious people will find cause for alarm in this frightful array of accidents; but those who give the question any thought will at once conclude it to be in the case of the accidents the result of extreme carelessness on the part of those given positions of trust, and calls for severe punishment for the careless. Human life is too precious to be so trifled with.

Prohibition in Iowa.

The Supreme Court of Iowa has declared the Prohibitory Constitutional Amendment adopted last June to be inoperative. The case was brought as a test one last fall by a brewer before a Judge of a district court, who declared the plea of the plaintiff to be well taken. The case was carried to the Supreme Court, and last Friday the decision of the lower Court was sustained. The Chicago Tribune thus explains the grounds of the decision.

Judge Seevers, in delivering the opinion of the court, said that the only question which they had been called upon to determine was whether the proceedings in the General Assembly in connection with the passage of the amendment were in legal form or not. It is provided that constitutional amendments must be passed by two consecutive Legislatures and then ratified by the people. In this case a joint resolution was introduced in the Eighteenth General Assembly and passed by the House in regular form. But in the Senate a different resolution was substituted, and to this substitute the House agreed. The Nineteenth General Assembly agreed to the proposed amendment, and on June 27, 1882, it was ratified by the people. But it was claimed, and the court sustained the contention, that the amendment upon which the people voted differed from that adopted in the Senate of the Eighteenth Assembly as to four important words. It was shown that the journal of the House of the Eighteenth Assembly contained no record that the amendment had been passed in that body, and did show that what was passed by the House differed in form and substance from what was adopted by the Senate. The court therefore held that a fatal error had been committed which could not be corrected by the next Legislature, and that for this reason the amendment fell to the ground."

This leaves the temperance question in practically the same condition as before the adoption of the amendment; but the temperance people, though temporiarily defeated, are not discouraged, and have commenced their labors anew by calling a convention to determine upon a plan of action for the future.

Some are disposed to regard the overthrow of the amendment as the best thing that could have happened the movement, because if it had been declared constitutional it would now have definitely settled the liquor question, for the Legislature would have been compelled to pass an enforcing act and this might have been changed with every session, thus leaving the subject permanently in politics.

THE awful holocaust in Milwaukee is another terrible result of man's inordinate cupidity and stinginess. The multitudes who have domiciled in the past in that great caravansary, either as temporary or permanent guests, have felt that it was a "death trap," to be exemplified some time in future. The same was known concerning the Southern, in St. Louis, the Spottswood, in Richmond, and multitudes of others whose destruction by fire has cast dismay over our country and sent sorrow and agony into thousands of homes. There are hotels both in city and country largely patronized, and schools too, both public and private, which are filled night and day with precious humanity, and in case of fire there would be a sad repetition of the Milwaukee horrors. It is amazing how unconcerned and thoughtless travelers are. They sleep year in and year out in these "death traps." How few, on being shown to a room, ever inquire for or seek to learn any way of exit in case of a possible fire. They lay themselves to rest in rooms cut off from any known method of escape, as unconcerned as a child whose nightly slumbers are guarded by a mother's sleepless care. It is time for the traveling public, and parents who patronize educational institutions, to demand a most thorough introduction of fire escapes in the old "death traps" now standing, and the authorities in cities and towns should be authorized by legal enactment to see to it that new structures are not built without some slight regard to the safety of human life.

Interesting Suit.

Within the limits of a sharp horseshoe curve of the Muskingum river, in Madison township, are situate valuable farming lands, the property of Limech Rambo, Capt. Elijah Little and others. From time immemorial until recently, the water has been accustomed to leave its channel during freshets, and sweeping over the low lands embraced within the horseshoe, destroyed crops and scooped out great gullies which tended to impoverish rather than enrich the soil. To prevent this means of destruction, Messrs. Rambo and Little, at great expense, constructed long dykes by which the water was confined to the channel. At the center of the horseshoe on the opposite side of the river, in Cass township, lies the farm of George Crawford, a wealthy land owner of Coshocton county, and claiming that he was damaged by the erection of these embankments, he brought suit in the Common Pleas Court against Rambo and Little to recover $5,000. The attorneys for the defendents, Messrs. Train and Southard, filed a demurer to the petition, setting up that Rambo and Little had a right to construct the levees, and the arguments were heard Friday by Judge Ball. Messrs. Voorhees and James, two prominent lawyers of Coshocton, represent the plaintiff. The decision of the demurrer will determine a vital question in the case, and is expected on the first day of the next term, 29th inst.—Zanesville Courier.

Letter From Washington.

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Jan. 22, 1883.

We have just had a busy and interesting week in Washington. The city is full of people, so full that the largest hotels are turning away guests, and there is everything to make live times here for a short time, at least. One thing that brings so many strangers here, aside from the social attraction, is the condition of affairs in Congress. The tariff discussion brings an army of representatives of the various interests involved, and the sugar, tobacco and whiskey men are still hanging around to keep an eye on legislation to say nothing of the hundreds of other things which bring men here at this season. Congress is working with great energy and one can go up to the Capitol any day and be sure of hearing an interesting debate. The little running discussions brought about by the consideration of regular business are always more interesting to the thoughtful observer than any set speech or prearranged debate. To add to the life of the Capital we have had continued sleighing which has contributed very much to make things lively on Pennsylvania Avenue. The avenue is a grand thoroughfare now-a-days. In the middle of the afternoon it is as gay and crowded as any part of Broadway at the same hour.

The meeting of the Republican National Committee lately held here was an important one in many respects. The question of determining the matter and basis of selecting delegates to the next national convention has been regarded as a delicate one, and in view of all the discussion it has elicited, the plans proposed and the supposed conflict of personal fortunes and interests involved, it was feared that it would create ill feeling, if not bitterness and factious dispute. But after a full and fair consideration the matter was settled decisively and without difficulty. From the first the weight of opinion seemed to be against the plan proposed by Secretary Chandler, practically basing representation upon the Republican Congressmen from each state, and in favor of Senator Logan's proposition that the convention shall be made up substantially as heretofore. Counting the states whose committeemen voted for the present basis and which gave their electoral votes for Gen. Garfield they figure up ninety-three electoral votes, and if Pennsylvania and Colorado, whose members were absent, should be added to this would give one hundred and twenty-five electoral votes, against eighty-four for those states which voted to reform the basis of representation. There seems to have been an impression on the part of the victorious majority and their friends outside of the committee that the Chandler movement for a basis of representation, governed by Republican Senators and members of Congress, was in the interest of ex-Secretary Blaine. A gentleman identified with those who supported Senator Logan, who has been a member of the committee and who has closely watched this contest, said the other day that in his opinion the Chandler plan was an attempt to reduce the relative strength of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, cut down the south, and greatly increase the relative power of the northwest and New England, where Blaine has been strongest. Taking up a table showing the effect of the Chandler plan, he pointed out the changes indicated and insisted that the figures supported his assertion. In his opinion the political motive was so plain that anyone could see it. He regarded the proposition and the contest in committee as indicating that Mr. Chandler, although in President Arthur's Cabinet, was still the advocate of Blaine. It has been frequently asserted of late that Mr. Chandler is no longer friendly to Blaine, and I give the gossip arising out of the above for what it is worth.

Speaking of Blaine, he recently moved in his elegant new house, but does not entertain there as yet; it takes time to put a palace to rights, and it will be nearly spring before he is fully settled down. He lives very quietly now, and his friends say that it is due to ominous signs of physical troubles, which have been for some years giving plain warning of their approach. On New Year's day he was prominent at the President's reception, but he never appears at the Capitol, and is seldon seen down town. His hair has grown white and his figure a little stouter, but the vigorous step and the firm grasp of the hand are the same as in the days when he presided over the House of Representatives. To outward appearance his physical powers are unshaken. Mr. Blaine is a very active man. Recently he found plenty of occupation in the furnishing of his new house. He has interests in many large concerns, and possesses a large fortune, but has a craving for constant action. He has said within the last few months over and over again that he is out of politics. I hear that he is thinking of becoming identified with some one of the leading newspapers of the country. He has a great fondness of writing, and has written many of the editorials upon the subject of South American affairs for the Washington journals. Nearly every bit of information he gives out to certain correspondents who call upon him he writes himself. To a correspondent who called upon him not long ago he said: 'Do you know I am thinking of coming down upon Newspaper Row to open up a news bureau. Do you think I could find employment?" Imagine Mr. Blaine in Newspaper Row. What sensations would go out every night.

The New Washington city directory is just out, and some very interesting facts may gleaned from it. One is that the floating population of Washington is about 50,000. Another is that there are 12,000 Johnsons in this town. Last year there were only 10 000, but they have increased and multiplied now till they outnumber the Joneses exactly two to one. The new directory contains 8,000 names more than last year and according to the estimate used in determining the increase of population from the increase of names 32,000 persons have been added to the population of the Capital city during the last twelve months. JUNIUS.

CROOKED COMMISSIONERS.

Tuscarawas County Officials Hauled Over the Coals.—Corruptness Unearthed.

For a year or more there has been trouble in the Democratic camp in Tuscarawas county, because of a conflict between two County Commissioners, and the remaining Commissioner and the Auditor. The Auditor's report for 1881 was published in four newspapers, in two of them at the instance of the Commissioners and in the other two at the instance of the Auditor. The Commissioners allowed the bill of the former, but the Auditor refused to issue warrants for the same, giving as an excuse therefore that the Commissioners had no right to compell him to publish his report other than in such papers as he choose. The matter was taken into court and there remains.

Since this imbroiglio there has been many charges preferred against the two Commissioners—Messrs. J. H. Benfer and H. B. Keffer—and developments of the past few days seem to justify the allegations.

At the recent term of court in Tuscarawas county, the annual report of Commissioners was submitted to the court, and Messrs. J. W. Coventry John A. Buchanan, and J. F. Wilkin were appointed as a committee to examine the same. Last week they submitted their report after long investigation, and it is most damaging.

The report is very long and only a few extracts can be given to show the looseness of the management of public affairs in our neighbor county:

At the September session, 1881, the commissioners tranferred $1,000 85 of dog tax funds to the Children's Home fund, under an act of the Legislature passed April 18, 1881: the fund was used in paying the expenses of conducting and supporting the Home. The act of the Legislature referred to authorizes the commissioners to transfer and use for the purpose of paying for the purchase of a site and the buildings for a Children's Home any surplus funds arising in the county from the tax on dogs, and not otherwise disposed of. The surplus fund so transferred was not used for the purpose named in the law. It was a misappropriation, and an improper use of the money. It should have been applied to the payments of bonds issued for the purchase of the home.

On the 15th day of June, 1882, notice was published by the commissioners that they proposed to build an addition to the Children's Home at a cost not exceeding $8,400, and on the 14th day of July, 1882, they determined under said notice to build said addition at a cost not exceeding said amount. On the 2d day of August, 1882, plans and specifications for said addition being on file, the commissioners ordered publication of notice for receiving bids for its construction. The plans and specifications then on file were prepared and furnished by Thomas Boyd, architect, and did not provide for a completed building, it being specially stated in the specification that plumbing, gas fitting, steam fitting, plastering and painting will be estimated for after the "above work" is commenced. On the 1st day of September, 1882, a contract was awarded to Criswell & Nagely for the excavation, stone work, brick work, carpenter work and roofing. There is no provision in it for plastering, shutters on the inside, (and the specification direct the construction of windows with reference to putting them in,) glazing, glass, plumbing, gas fitting, steam, painting, etc. The price to be paid Criswell & Nagely under their contract, is $7,615.86. To complete the addition, as indicated and designed by the plans and specifications furnished it will cost in addition to the amount to be paid Criswell & Nagely, about $6,000 or $7,000, making a total cost when finished of $14,000 or $15,000. At the June session of the Board, they made a tax levy of five-tenths of a mill for Children's Home building. The levy is unlawful. Section 2825 of the statute provides that the county commissioners shall not levy any tax or appropriate any money for the purpose of building county buildings except in cases of casualty, the expense of which will exceed $10,000, without first submitting to the voters of the county the question as to the policy of building any public county building. The levy made for the addition to the Children's Home is in violation of the law. We find that, at the time the contract was awarded and before the commissioners knew that a completed building was not provided for, and that to complete it the cost would exceed their estimate published to the people, and would exceed $10,000 The publication of the notice that an addition was proposed at a cost not exceeding $8,400 was a deception and a fraud upon the rights of the people.

The appropriation of money by the commissioners, on the requisition of the superintendent and trustees of the Children's Home, for the support of that institution, led us in an investigation of its management. A detailed report of the cost and expense of the house for the year ending September 1st, 1882, was made to the commissioners, showing an aggregate expenditure for the year of $10 385 58. During the year there was an average of about twenty-eight children maintained in the Home at a cost, according to the report by the superintendent, of $261 26 per capita, or at a rate costing $5 02 per week for each child. But take every item that it is possible to class as permanent improvement and furnishing Home, and deduct the same from the total expenditure, it will leave the cost of supporting each child at $220 52 per year.

By examination of statistics, showing the cost of similar institutions in the State, we find that the average cost per capita for the year is $91 98 The following Homes supported their children at the following, to wit: Montgomery county, with seven acres of land, $112.05 per capita; Warren county, with fifty-three acres of land, at $77.00 per capita; Scioto county, with ten acres of land, at $93 70 per capita; Lawrence county, with one and a fourth acres of land, at $86.50 per capita; Franklin county with thirty-one acres of land, at $98.70 per capita—this being the highest rate of any institution report in the State. Such an increased cost of supporting the inmates of our Home over other Homes in the State led us to trace for the cause producing such a startling result. We find that the influence which brought about the appointment of the first superintendent—Mr. A. C. Narragon—embarrassed the action of that official and of the trustees, prevented a wise, a judicious administration of the affairs of the Home. However, we are told that the superintendent and the trustees are not excuseable on it at account for the mismanagement. Because, first said superintendent sold himself to such influence in a corrupt bargain between two of the trustees and two of the county commissioners, when he accepted the appointment; and second because he and all of said trustees did not promptly repudiate the unholy alliance as soon as they found it conflicting with a proper performance of their duties. The stream was tainted at the fountain and evil was certain to flow from it.

To particularize: We find that Commissioner H. B. Keffer was a candidate for re-election in October, 1881, and that Mr. Keffer's action in regard to the Wilhelmi purchase was being used to defeat his election; that Commissioner John H. Benfer was championing the cause of Mr. Keffer in the campaign; that trustee Lewis and Kaldenbaugh were the appointees of Benfer and Keffer and the responsibility of selecting a superintendent for the Home was upon said trustees; that John H. Benfer urged the appointment of A. C. Narragon on the ground that it would tend to popularize the Home and elicit support for Keffer's re-election; and Mr. Benfer sought Mr. Narragon and urged upon him to apply for and accept the superintendency of the Home, saying to him that it would be a permanent place and a better position than he had in the schools; that he, Benfer, was in a tight place and needed his support; that if Keffer was not elected it would defeat the Home, and that he could render him valuable service as he had influence with a large Republican vote and could control it, and that he needed Republican support in order to pull Mr. Keffer through, and he would be the right man in the right place to suit the present circumstances.

We find a practice exists in regard to the payment of commissioners' claims for services that is not authorized by law. Each commissioner makes his bill for services, certifying to its correctness, and without the same being enacted upon and allowed by the board at its official sessions, he obtains a warrant from the auditor upon the treasurer for its payment. Thus each individual member determines his own time and services, and the amount of money he shall draw out of the treasury therefor. No claim for per diem, mileage or expenses should be paid except upon the allowance of the board. The law provides that each commissioner shall be allowed payment for services only when necessarily engaged in attending to the business of the county pertaining to his office under the direction of the Board, other than to attending the regular or called sessions. This, however, has no been observed. Each commissioner determines for himself when he is necessarily engaged in attending to the business of the county without the direction of the Board, and several instances are pointed out where the Commissioners made trips upon private business matters and charged the same to the county; and in some cases charges were made for duties performed, when the Commissioner so charging was not in the county.

Many crooked things are pointed out that demonstrates to a moral certainty that corruptness exists; and that at least Messrs. Benfer and Keffer should be kicked out.

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Bvt. Lieut. Col. Albert O. Vincent.

Army and Navy Journal.

Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Albert Oliver Vincent, U. S. A. (retired) who died at St. Louis, on the 9th of December, was born Feb. 7, 1842, at Cadiz, Harrison county, Ohio. At about the age of 19 he completed the course of a practical printer, and had partially established himself in the printing business, at Newark, Ohio, when he deemed it a duty to assist in overcoming the Rebellion. To that end, when he was about to enlist in the Ohio Volunteers Mr. Secretary of War Cameron tendered him a captaincy of infantry in the Regular Army. His youthful age led him to decline, and, instead he accepted an appointment, Oct. 24, 1861, as 2d lieutenant in the 2d U. S. Artillery.

He served during the Rebellion 1861-1865 with Battery L, 2d Artillery, at Camp Duncan, D. C., until March 10 1862; on duty with horse batteries B and L, 2d Artillery, as one battery, part of the time as commanding officer, in the Army of the Potomac, during its early movements; in the Virginia peninsular campaign (Army of the Potomac), March to Aug 1862, being engaged at siege of Yorktown, April 5 to May 4; with advance of the Army (Stoneman's Cavalry), in the presence of the retiring enemy, to Williamsburg, being engaged in the action at that place May 4, and battle May 5—skirmishes at Slatersville, May, 9—actions at Newbridge May 23, Hogan's house and Mechanicsville May 24; in the operations of the seven days change of base to the James River, the battery covering the retreat of the left wing of the Army for several miles under flank fire from heavy guns of the enemy, until after crossing to south of Chickahominy, being engaged in battle of Gaines' Mill, June 27—action at Golding's Neck, June 30, and battle of Malvern Hill, July 1; in camp at Harrison's Landing until August 4, being engaged in the action of Malvern Hill Aug. 5, and pursuit of enemy beyond New Market; remained at Harrison's Landing during evacuation of Harrison's Landing, and then marched with rear-guard of the Army to Yorktown, embarking there and sailing to Acquia Creek, thence to Alexandria, Va.; in Pope's Virginia Campaign, reporting to Gen. Couch at Germantown, and remaining there during battle of Chantilly, Sept. 1, and until Army and trains passed, when the battery, covering the retreat and skirmishing with advance guard of enemy, returned to Alexandria, Va.; in the Maryland campaign (army of the Potomac), Sept. Nov 1862, marching with Pleasanton's (cavalry) column, in advance, skirmishing en route and arriving near Frederick City, being engaged in action near that place Sept. 13, battle of South Mountain, Sept. 14; battle of Antietam, Sept 17, actions at Shepardstown Ford, Sept. 19 and 20; crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, Sept. 28, and engaged in actions at Charlestown, Va., Sept. 29, and at Halltown, Sept. 29, Oct. 1 and 4; on the march in October and November to the Rappahannock, thence via Warrenton, Va Nov. 17, with Buford's Cavalry, via Bealton, Stafford Court House, and Acquia Creek to Potomac Creek (arriving there Nov. 25), thence to the right and rear of the Army in front of Fredericksburg; performed picket and out post duty with Averill's Cavalry Brigade until foundation of Cavalry Corps, Feb. 5, 1863; then with Davis's and subsequently with Devin's Brigade of Buford's Cavalry Division; in camp near Acquia Creek, Nov. and December, 1862. and save 15 days' leave, to March 1863; in the Rappahannock Campaign Army of the Potomac, March to May, under assignment to Stoneman's Cavalry Corps April 13, and after movements of battery to several places crossed the Rappahannock and engaged with Stoneman's columns during operations at Chancellorsville, and raid toward Richmond, Apr. 29 to May 8, battery being engaged in skirmish at Shannon Hill, May 4; participated at at Bank's Ford, in the operations of the army during the 1st, 2d and 3d of June, and under heavy artillery fire on the 4th; engaged at the combat of Beverly Ford June 8; thence to Washington via Cattlett's, Bull Run, and Centreville; in the Pennsylvanian Campaign, [Army of the Potomac] June--July, being on the march to Gettysburgh, June 25 to July 1, and engaged in the battle of Gettysburgh, July 1. 2, and 3, action at Boonsboro', July 11; Funkstown, July 13; Falling Waters, July 14, and further pursuits of the enemy in July through the valley; in actions at Brandy Station and Culpepper C. H, August 1 and 4, and with the Army to Culpepper, September 16; on the march Oct. 10 and 11; being engaged with the enemy at Morton's Ford, Stevensburg, Brandy Station, Rappahannock bridge, Culpepper and Brandy Station, Oct. 12, and Oak Hill, Oct. 15; in the movements of the Army to Centreville and return to Warrenton; and action Bealton, Oct. 26, thence returned to Culpepper C H.; participated in November movements across the Rapidan at Germania Ford, to Mine Run and back, and all other movements of the Army prior to March, 1864.

He was Commissary of Musters Department of Arkansas, March 7, 1864, and, in addition, from February 7, 1865, Superintendent of Volunteer Recruiting Service and Chief Mustering and Disbursing Officer for the State of Arkansas until November 2, 1865, when the duties were completed and closed; ordered November 2, 1865, to regiment in the Military Division of the Pacific and joined battery at Alcatraz Island, Cal., Dec. 27, 1865. From December, 1865 to May, 1867, he served with regiment in California and Washington Territory, performing in addition to regimental duties those of Superintendent of the Recruiting Service, 8th U. S. Cavalry, May 1, 1867, ordered from headquarters of the army to report in person to the Adjutant General of the Army; reported June 8, 1867; awaited orders to August 8, when assigned to duty at Headquarters Department of Washington, continuing thereon to Dec. 6, on duty under the direction of the Adjutant General of the Army from September 26, 1868 to February 24, '69 when granted leave of absence for six months on account of ill health.

During his service he was promoted and appointed as 1st Lieutenant 2d U. S. Artillery, Aug. 11, '62; brevet captain U. S. A. for gallant and meritorious service at the battle of Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862; brevet major U. S. A for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Gettysburgh Pa., July 31, 1863, major 4th Arkansas Volunteer Cavalry April 11, 1864, serving as such to Oct. 30, 1865; brevet lieutenant colonel U. S. A. for faithful and meritorious services in connection with mustering out and disbanding the Volunteer Army of the United States Nov. 13, 1865, and captain 38th U. S. Inf. July 28, 1866 --declined.

Colonel Vincent's "disability in line of duty" which led to retirement from active service in December, 1870, resulted from an obstinate and sluggish type of malarial fever, developed at Little Rock, Ark, in September, 1864, his recovery at the time being very doubtful. Thereafter he suffered much, often intensely. Yet he had hope, and as late as November 5th said: "As heretofore, I am anxious to be employed, and as I am now feeling very much better and stronger than for years, I think there is some sunshine in the future." It was otherwise; the illness of 18 years which had so blighted the bright life of youth, ended in death.

His record speaks for his service through thirty-five battles, engagements, skirmishes etc. By his decease another life given to the preservation of the Union has been registered. His numerous friends will cherish recollections of a noble man; one who by an intellectual power of a high order contributed greatly to their profit and enjoyment.

Bristow, the Blunt.

New York Tribune.

"Benjamin H. Bristow," says Colonel Wharton, his old friend, "has built up a fine practice in New-York. one of the country, organized like modern law partnerships, with about fifteen clerks. He has a large practice with corporations, and in the late Ohio cases beat Mr. Vanderbilt's lawyers on entirely new propositions. Bristow has a certain bullheadedness, but he has a noble mind and an honest head and does not tolerate thieves. He has left some enemies behind him, but no whiskey ring. McDonald, the thieving collector, attacked Grant in a pamphlet and sent it to Bristow to ask if the statements were not true. Bristow wrote on the book, and returned it: 'It is enough for me to know that you are a convicted thief and no witness.'"

Transfers of Real Estate.

Milton Mills to Henry W. Geiger part of lot 212 in Coshocton for $1,300.

Catharine Stover to John L. e Stover, lots 99 and 100 in Warsaw for $300.

Holder Blackman, administrator to Levi Stover, part of lot No. 15, in Warsaw, for $200

J. C. Fisher to P. C. Riser, lot No. 14 in Agricultural Society's Addition to Coshocton, for $310.

Joseph Pellet to Wm. E. Reed, 105 acres in Clark tp, for $3 906.

Edward Dawson to Samuel Perkins, 40 acres in Jackson tp, for $1 125.

Charles Adams to John Adams, four small tracts in Keene tp., for $1,600.

John A. Mizer to Henry Ellis a strip of land in Adams township., for $35

George C. Lee to Ida Tate, lot 20 in Coshocton for $1,100

John McFarland sr., to John McFarland jr., 60 acres in New Castle tp., for $3,437 50.

Houston Hay to Hiram Taylor, lot 180 in Coshocton, for $150.

Velzer Shaw to B F. Fleming, lot 3 in West Lafayette for $350.

Edward D. Aronholt to Robert Bates, 46 acres in Linton tp., for $2100.

Catharine A. Randles to Jas. E. Maston, 100 acres in Jackson tp, for $6,200.

Louis Whitaker to Board of Education of Jefferson tp., small strip of land for $20.

John N. Russel to Eliza Cochran et. al, parts of lots 7 and 8 in West Lafayette, for $300.

G. W. Denser to Elizabeth Denzer, lot 22 in East Plainfield for $1.

Ludwig Laechner to Christian Schlegel, part of lot 8 in Bakersville, for $500.

Daniel T. Triplett to Margeret Borden, lot 48 in Spangler's addition to Coshocton for $310.

Clerk's Office.

Henry Talmadge executor of the estate of Robert Talmadge, deceased vs William Kirkpatrick et. al. Amount claimed $109.32 with interest at 8 per cent on $70 from March 26, 1879 and on $39.22 from 10th of Sept. 1881, and foreclosure.

Petition filed for the sale of church property of the M. E. Church of West Bedford.

James Clark vs. W. D. Enoch. Amount claimed $5,100 with 8 per cent interest from June 21st 1782.

Leander R. Wier vs. Jane Wier. Divorce.

William Hunt vs. David Myers. Suit to compel defendant to show title to real estate.

Nancy M. Richcreek as administrator of David W. Richcreek vs. other heirs of the estate; for construction of will and order to sell land.

Chas. F. Burns vs. Andrew J. Randles; amount claimed $250 00, and interest.

John G. Stewart vs. B. F. Bells; amount claimed $52.00.

John M. Lee vs. Isaac Vance; amount claimed, $144,00 and interest, and foreclose of mortgage asked.

Claudius Hamilton vs. Jane Boyd; suit to enforce agreement.

H. A. Moyer vs. Elliott & Marx; amount claimed, $167·26.

G. S. Tredway vs. James W. Monamara; amount claimed $318.25 with interest from Sept. 10, 1874; order of attachment issued.

SCHOOL REPORTS.

Report of Coshocton Public Schools for the Month Ending Jan 12, 1883.

CHARACTER — of the — ATTENDANCE.	Grade	Total Enrolled	Monthly Enrollment	Average Daily Attendance	Per cent. of Attendance	No. Tardy	No. neither absent nor tardy
High School Dept.							
W. D. Gibson	A	16	15	14	96	18	4
Annie Strauss	B C	50	47	43	91	3	25
Grammar Dept.							
Sarah Sample	A	53	49	43	89	19	18
Ada Klosson	B	51	51	46	91	11	10
Belle McIlvaine	C	61	57	51	92	33	23
Nanni Marton	D	68	64	56	87	27	24
Primary Dept.							
Mrs. E. A. Carrothan	A	48	44	40	91	20	14
[illegible]	A	45	40	36	90	9	19
Lucretia Davis	B	50	47	45	95	12	23
Mary Smith	B	40	45	42	92	10	18
Sallie Madden	C	43	45	40	88	10	23
Frank Robinson	C	60	48	44	92	5	18
Pauline Weisser	D	45	42	34	81	11	18
Emma Ayres	D	66	63	44	84	12	19
Rose Ingraham	D	38	35	23	91	6	17
Grand Totals		721	682	603	89	211	282

PARENTS OF COSHOCTON—In this, my first report of 1883, I am glad to be able to say that your schools begin the new year in a prosperous condition. The total enumeration of school youth in this Union School District is nine hundred and fifty one, and you will notice that we already have seventy-five per cent of that number enrolled. I trust that we shall increase that number by at least ten per cent. before the close of the year. The only fault I have to find with the above report is the fearful lack of punctuality. Two hundred and fourteen cases of tardiness! What are we coming to? While the general attendance is good, this matter of tardiness is a crying evil. Cannot we do something to break up this terrible habit? To be sure, the teachers report that it is confined to a few pupils in each room. Now if the parents of these few children could but think seriously of the matter, it seems to me that the habit might be entirely broken up. The "Banner" rooms in the primary departments are Miss Ingraham's in the east house, and Miss Robinson's, in the west house. It will be noticed that they have but six and five cases, respectively. In the higher departments, Miss Strauss' room take the "banner," with but three cases.

The physical health of pupils throughout the various schools is improved. Intellectually, there is a healthy condition prevailing. I wish I could say the same morally speaking; but there is a disease preying upon the characters of our children, which, if not soon checked, will speedily undermine their moral strength. It shows itself in a lack of conscientiousness on the part of the pupils, which is simply shocking to one who has a sensitive moral nature. I wish I could see and talk to you all on this important matter. Space will not permit me now to speak at length; suffice it to say that, as teachers, we are alive to the fearful responsibility resting upon us, and are striving to counteract outside influences, chief among which—next to wrong home training—we place street training, theatres—"shows," the boys and girls call them—vile literature, billiard and pool rooms, and loafing places, where boys spend their time when they should be at home with their parents, whose duty it is to furnish both instruction and amusement sufficient to make them prefer to stay at home.

We are making an effort, I say, to counteract these evil influences. How well we shall succeed depends entirely upon the co-operation which we got from you as parents.

Respectfully,
W. D. GIBSON
Superintendent of Instruction.

REPORT OF COALPORT SCHOOL

For the month ending Jan. 5, 1883. Whole number enrolled 54; average daily attendance 45; per cent. of attendance 83. Those present every day were Nancy Bryan, Ida Dunfee, Zebba Clark, Bertha Carter, Maud Carter, Sadie Eastman, Annie Kitchens, Stella Miller, Rollin Barnes, Sammy Clark, Joe Dorsey, Charley Hall, James Miller, Eddie Miller, John McCann, Eddie Uffner, Annie Tingle, Clyde Barnes, John Roberts, and Brose Wright. Of those the first sixteen were not tardy. Those of grade A in spelling whose average grade was 95 or over were Ida Dunfee 100; Zebba Clark 100; Lizzie Hall 100; John Roberts 100; Clyde Barnes 99; Settie Miller 98; Hattie Elliott 98; Stella Miller 98; Bertha Carter 98; Jesse Dunfee 97; Howard Wolfe 95; Willie Roberts 95; Annie Kitchens 95; Eddie Uffner 95 Whole number in the class 29; the grades were taken for daily recitations. No. of visitors 0.

J. F. BARCLEY, Teacher.

Report of Robinson school, Franklin tp., Coshocton co., for the month ending December 22, 1882.

Whole number enrolled, boys 19, girls 21, total 40. Average daily attendance, boys 16, girls 15, total 31. No. of tardy marks, boys 8, girls 27, total 35.

Those who were present every day were James Day, George Day, Lester Day, Charley Lepley, George Phillips, Harmon Startz, Bertie Carnes, Jennie Day, Hattie Phillips, Laura Werts, Carrie Werts and Jennie Stickle. Of these none were tardy but Bertie Carnes.

Those whose average grade in spelling in the small class was 95, or above were Maude Gaumer, Emma Kirk 97, Bell Lepley 99, George Day 98, Leid Evans 97, and Bert Harmon 99. In the large class were Laura Werts 99, Annie Browning 99, Berthie Hankin 95, Mary Dole 98 James Day 96, and James Browning 98. Number of visitors 10 or 12.

L. R. ROSS, Teacher.

REMARKABLE for overcoming diseases caused by impure water, decaying vegetation, etc., is Brown's Iron Bitters.

LITTLE things console us because little things afflict us.

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No matter what you wear, look to what you are.

T. O., "Turn Over a new leaf" and begin to use Mishler's Herb Bitters.

ENERGY well directed never misses the mark.

FOR three years my son was sore all over. Peruna cured him. J. Neuenschwander, S. S. Pittsburg.

MAKE much of day, for to-morrow may deceive.

IF you have no Peruna pamphlet get one immediately. Address S. B Hartman & Co., Osborn, O.

SIX days of labor make the seventh comfortable.

SILVER CREEK, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1880.—GENTS.—I have been very low, and have tried everything, to no advantage I heard your Hop Bitters recommended by so many, I concluded to give them a trial. I did, am around, and constantly improving, and am nearly as strong as ever. W. H. WELLER.

CHEERFULNESS is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart.

Ready-Made Novels.

Any one ambitious of producing a work of fiction has only to read the newspapers to find in their columns the most thrilling plots, which, with due expansion, can be developed into novels quite as good as those of Miss Braddon or Mr. Wilkie Collins. This, at least, is what one is given to understand by newspapers themselves, in which it is no rare thing to see a quarter of a column, or so, headed "A Ready-Made Novel" or "Stranger than Fiction," which we are assured is as wonderful as anything the ingenious authors before named have done in devising strange complications of human affairs.

When I was young, and my first great work of fiction, was in view—a point at which it has persistently remained—I made an extensive collection of clippings of this sort, believing they would at least stimulate a laggard imagination. I must confess that I have found this method of writing fiction a failure. I have tried the excerpts for novels and for plays, but have never got a satisfactory plot out of them. They have retained, through all processes of literary treatment, a certain inherent journalistic stamp, which somehow has been fatal to my story. I have thus come to disbelieve in the "ready-made novels" of the newspapers, and to think that a narrative of fact, however curious it may be, is of little help, except for the germ it may contain, unless it is translated and reshaped by the imagination. Miss Braddon and Mr. Collins do not owe their success to the reporter; and no one can think for a moment that newspaper clippings have substantially helped the author of "The Cloister and the Hearth." Nevertheless, it is Mr. Charles Reade's hobby to preach the utility of the hard, unrounded fact as a potent ingredient of fiction; and it is his delight to confound the critics of any seeming improbability in his stories with a reference to some occurrence in "real life," of which he has an account, carefully preserved with clove-scented gum tragacanth in a scrap-book.—*January Atlantic.*

He Couldn't See It That Way.

Professor Zweiboer is a rather dissipated old man, who gives lessons on the flute for a living. Gilhooly, who feels a kindly interest in the old man, took him aside and said to him:

"Professor, if you were to quit drinking and keep sober, you would be engaged to give lessons in some of the first families of Austin and make a great deal of money."

"Dot ish all humbug," said the old man, indignantly. "I give lessons so I can get drunk, and now you wants me to keep sober so I can give lessons. Dot is all humbug."—*Galveston News.*

"I am sorry to inform you," said a man to an Arkansas gentleman, "that your son has been killed in a balloon ascension." "How?" asked the gentleman. "Well, you see, he went up with the professor, and the balloon dropped suddenly and killed both of them." "So it was the descension that killed him? My friend, when you come into this neighborhood with a piece of information, give it straight."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Journalism in Japan.

The editor of a newspaper in Japan, known as the *Nichi Nichi Shimbun* apparently does not find it an easy matter to fill its columns. A recent number appeared with a large space left entirely blank, save for a number of straight lines that crossed it, and with an apology for this extraordinary appearance that is amusing enough. The editor says that at the last moment he found that what he had written for that space was all wrong, and hence had to be taken out. He had no time to fill up the vacant space, and so was obliged to leave it with nothing there.

Herr von Gossler, Prussian Minister of Education, has issued a circular ordering that all the boys in the higher schools of the country shall be made to play games. For some time public opinion in Germany has been much exercised about the physical condition of the boys; they were good scholars, but listless, inactive, unenterprising, often appallingly short-sighted. A remedy is to be sought, not only in gymnastics, but in cricket and football and other outdoor games requiring skill and agility. It is a wise ruling.

He Wanted to Pose.

A resident of Park street had a photographer come up the other day for the purpose of taking a view of his residence, and the man of the camera had just got in position when along came an old coon with a buck-saw on his arm and wanted to know what was up.

"Going to photograph the house," was the reply.

"Then I guess I'll pose," remarked the old man. "I'll take a position at the left of the gate and represent the statue of Industry."

The members of the family came out and arranged themselves, and the man called out:

"Here, old man, you want to get out of that!"

"Can't I represent Industry?"

"No, sir!"

"Can't I stand over there and represent Laziness?"

"No, sir! We don't want you in the group at all."

"Lemme represent the Sleeping Beauty."

"You go away!"

He drew off to one side, the passing teams halted to give the artist a chance, and directly the plate was made. Everybody rushed forward when it was ready for inspection, and the old man was one of the first. As the plate was held up he giggled and tickled, and finally burst into a loud laugh. He had dodged around the corner of the house and his full figure was revealed behind the family.

"What do you represent in that attitude?" sternly inquired the photographer.

"Well, I reckon that's a pretty good pose for Contentment."

"Very well. I will now represent Dissatisfaction."

And the artist took the festive old chap by the ear and walked him out of the crowd and put in a couple of kicks which changed the pose of Contentment to that of Sorrow.—*Detroit Free Press.*

War Anecdotes.

A correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press* writes: You have already published so many accurate and admirable war sketches, both from Confederate and Federal standpoints, it may prove interesting to your readers to peruse the following anecdotes of Dixie:

SOMEWHAT BADLY WOUNDED.

During the battle of Shiloh, as the First Tennessee Regiment of Confederate Infantry was advancing to attack, lying on the edge of the battlefield, some of the boys saw a big fat Colonel badly wounded. He proved to be a gallant Mexican and Confederate veteran, Col. Matt. Martin, of the Twenty-third Tennessee. As the column came up on the double-quick and, with a yell, Col. Martin lifted his head and roared out in stentorian tones, "Give 'em Goss, boys—give 'em Hall Columbia!" The regiment halted but a moment, and one of the boys inquired, "Colonel, where are you wounded?" He answered in a deep bass voice, "My son, I am wounded in the arm, in the leg, in the head, body and in an another place, but don't mind me; go ahead and give 'em fits!" And the truth of it is, he was wounded in seven places, and besides a limb had fallen upon him, doubling him up on his horse.

"WE FIT CONSTANT IN DEM DAYS."

When Beauregard was on the retreat from Shiloh, one day, at Okalona, a darkey was brought up before the Provost-Marshal for fighting.

"This is your first fight, is it not, Ephraim?" asked the Chief of the Provost Guards.

"Lor' bress your soul, no marster," was his energetic reply. "Before de wah, out dar' on the plantashun, we fit constant. Dere warn't no Profolks Gyards botherin' black folk's bisness in dem times. Why, marster, we fit constant in dem days."

Curious Physiological Investigations.

A somewhat new and interesting field of inquiry has been opened up by M. Lanquer, namely the composition of the human fat, at different periods of life, and its relation to health. These investigations show that in newly-born children the fat has a particularly firm consistence, constituting a peculiar tallow-like mass, with a melting point of 45 deg. C. The fat of adults, however, separates at the ordinary temperature of a room in two layers; the upper layer is completely fluid, translucent and of a yellowish color, solidifying only at temperatures under zero, C., while the lower layer is a crystalline mass, having its melting point at 36 deg. C. The fatty acids obtained from the fat of newly born children—after precipitation with hydrochloric acid—were found to melt at 51 deg. C., and those obtained from the fat of adults have a melting point of 36 deg. The former was found also to contain three times as much palmitic and stearic acid as the latter; the palmitic acid predominated over the stearic in each kind of fat, but much more in that of children than of adults, the proportion being in the former four to one, but in the latter nine to one.

Pedigree of Cows.

Pedigree is a very essential element in the value of cows. But it is also true and no less important to know that grade animals in a well-managed dairy can be made, as a rule, quite as productive as thorough-breds, and often more so. Yet this does not at all imply that the latter can be dispensed with, for we cannot have a good quality of grades without a good strain of blood to start from. While it is conceded that pedigree is one of the factors in the value of a good cow, it is not by any means the only factor. Maximum results in the dairy are not the sole outcome of any single condition. They depend not merely on the capacity and breed of the cow, but also and equally on the intelligence and good management of the owner; and, what is equally true, but seldom considered, even the capacity of the cow is itself to a large extent the product of human skill.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Industry's Reward.

The four Green boys, of Atlanta, Ga., started a few years ago selling newspapers. They made 10 cents apiece the first morning they went to work, and for two winters thereafter they went, half-clad, through the snow and sleet in the freezing dawn on their morning rounds. From the very first they saved a certain percentage of their earnings, which they invested in Atlanta real estate. The oldest of them is now eighteen years of age and the youngest twelve. They have supported an invalid father and now have property worth considerably over $5,000, houses from which the rent is $20 a month, and $200 stock in a building and loan association. They have educated themselves meanwhile, remaining from school this year in order to work the harder and build a home for their parents.

The new shades of blue, electric, cobalt, royal, drake's neck, sapphire, hussar, gentian, and Presbyterian are all to be found in gloves and hosiery.

Three Mourn for One.

In one of the rooms of the Census Office are two young ladies. Both are dressed in mourning. One of them has been in the Census Office for some time, the other was recently transferred there from the Land Office. They were both engaged to the same young man, who was a clerk in the Census Office. He died some weeks since. One did not know that he was engaged to the other until a few days since. In one of the rooms of the Patent Office a young lady grieves the loss of her love. The lover was the same young man. How he would have managed if he had lived no one knows. The two ladies in the Census Office look daggers at each other—when they look at each other at all.

Miss Catherine L. Wolfe, the maiden millionaire of Gotham, is noted for her eccentricities and her old bestowals of charity. She lives alone in a great stone house on Madison avenue, with her maid and half a dozen servants, and receives few visitors. She is a very devout Episcopalian, and no matter what the weather may be on Sunday is as regular in church as the rector in the pulpit.

A New York reporter interviewed three of the most eminent physiologists and scientists of that city and learned from them that beer drinking, a habit to which so many thousands of Americans are addicted, is, even in moderation, a pernicious thing. The impurities of beer, and they do not admit of absolutely pure beer, give rise to fatty degeneration of the heart and to diseases of the kidneys. It interferes with the healthy action of the liver, and exerts an injurious effect upon all the organs of the body, the brain most of all.

The electric light is not the only rival which mother invention has raised up against coal gas. A company, with $2,000,000 capital, has just been organized to make gas by the decomposition of steam and liquid hydro-carbon on highly heated lime. The operation produces almost pure hydrogen, which being carbureted, results in a gas of between thirty and forty candle power. The process, which was discovered by a French chemist and improved by a Polish one, is said to be economical, and it is hoped that the new gas will supersede coal for running engines, and possibly in domestic heating and cookery. It is made without coal-oil being used in its preparation. Some New York gas companies are proposing to substitute it for the ordinary article, and if half that is told of it proves true, it is destined to work great modifications in various operations connected with light and heat.

According to Mr. Charles Wyndham, the well-known actor, the tapestries at the New York Union League Club are the handsomest he has ever seen, and finer in every respect than can be seen at any club-house in all London.

Nothing Short of Unmistakable Benefits

Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which AYER'S SARSAPARILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the Iodide of Potassium and Iron,—all powerful, blood-making, blood-cleansing and life-sustaining—and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful and certain, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Boils, Humors, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders arising from impurity of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of waning vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and is to-day the most available medicine for the suffering sick.

For sale by all druggists.

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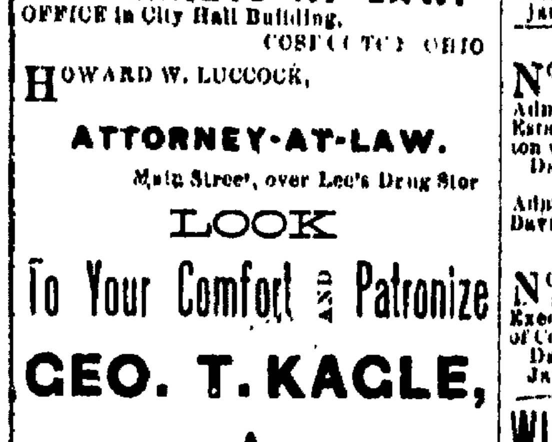
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Classical, Philosophical, Scientific, Normal and Commercial Courses. Professorships filled by specialists of many years' experience. In the Musical Department, twenty lessons in the elements of vocal music free; higher instruction at liberal rates. Students may enter at any time. Winter term begins January 4, 1883; Spring term begins April 5, 1883. Send for catalogue or further information to ELIJAH BURGESS, ACTING PRES., ASHLAND, OHIO. dec16-4t

LEGAL NOTICE.

Charles Parks and Mary E. Parks, residing in Green county, State of Indiana, and James H. Richcreek, whose residence is unknown, will take notice that Nancy M. Richcreek, as Administratrix, of the estate of David W. Richcreek, deceased, of the county of Coshocton, in the State of Ohio, did, on the 10th day of January, A. D., 1883, file in her petition in the Court of Common Pleas within and for the county of Coshocton, in said State of Ohio, against the said Charles Parks, Mary E. Parks, James H. Richcreek and David W. Richcreek, John L. Richcreek, Aaron P. Richcreek, Louisa J. Musgrove, Richard Musgrove, William E. Richcreek, Hannah Cunningham, Joseph Cunningham, Alice Davis William Davis and William G. Parks, defendants, setting forth that she is the widow of David W. Richcreek, late of Coshocton county, Ohio, deceased, and entitled to dower in the real estate of which he died seized. That the said defendants, Hannah Cunningham, Mary E. Parks and James H. Richcreek, are the children of said David W. Richcreek by a former marriage. That the said defendants, David W. Richcreek, John L. Richcreek, Aaron P. Richcreek, William E. Richcreek and Louisa J. Musgrove, are the living children of said David W. Richcreek by his marriage with plaintiff, who was living at the time of the execution of his said last will. And the said Alice Davis and William G. Parks are the grand-children of said David W. Richcreek and this plaintiff. That the said David W. Richcreek, on the 15th day of February, A. D., 1878, made his last will and testament, and died May 20th, 1880, and said last will was probated June 10th, 1880, in the Probate Court of said Coshocton county, and is of record there, a copy of which said will is set out in said petition. That at the time of the execution of said will, and at his death, said David W Richcreek was the owner in fee simple of the following real estate, situate in the county of Coshocton, and State of Ohio, and described as follows, to-wit:

Being the east half of the south-east quarter and the west half of the north-east quarter of section twenty-one (21), in township five (5) and range eight (8); and also of some chattel property that said widow elected to take under said will. That doubts disputes and controversies between plaintiff and defendants, and between certain of said defendants as the true construction and inter relation of said will touching their several rights under the same, as to the right and interest of the plaintiff in said chattel property; as to the rights and interests of said defendants in the said real and personal estate; as to whether the defendants children of said first and second marriages have equal rights in said estate, real and personal, or in the realty alone; as to whether said children of said first marriage have any interest in the said realty, and if so what? As to whether the said children of said second marriage do not alone take the whole of said realty under said will to the exclusion of said children of said first marriage. And praying a construction of said will as to the several rights and interests of each and all of said parties in said estate thereunder, and upon the matters involved in the above doubts, disputes and controversies, that the dower of said widow may be assigned for both tracts in the said west half of the north-east quarter of said section twenty-one (21). That the said real estate may be ordered to be sold, and a division of the proceeds made between such of the said defendants as the court, upon its construction of said will, may determine. And the said Charles Parks, Mary E. Parks and James H. Richcreek are notified that they are required to appear and answer said petition on or before the third Saturday after the 16th day of February next.

NANCY M. RICHCREEK.
By Voorhes & Hunt, and Nicholas & James, her Attorneys. Jan18 6t.

LEGAL NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that on the 5th day of January, A. D., 1883, the undersigned, as trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a religious society, of West Bedford, in Coshocton county, Ohio, filed a petition in the Court of Common Pleas of said county, setting forth that they, as such Trustees, hold the legal title in fee simple, in trust for said church, in and to the following real estate, the same being church property, to-wit: A certain lot or parcel of land situated in the county of Coshocton, and State of Ohio, and bounded as follows, to-wit: Commencing on the north-east quarter of section sixteen (16), township five and range eight; commencing at a stone on the west side of the road south of the town plat of West Bedford; thence south twenty-three and one-half degrees, east one chain and twenty-five links; thence south sixty-six and one half degrees, west two chains; thence north twenty-three and one-half degrees, west one chain and twenty-five links; thence north sixty-six and one half degrees, east two chains to the place of beginning, containing one-fourth of an acre of land, on which is a church building. That said society desires to sell said property and apply the proceeds of the sale to part payment of an indebtedness of said society, created in building a new church building and purchasing the site therefor.

Said petition prays for an order of said court authorizing said Trustees to sell the above real estate in accordance with the statute in such cases made and provided. And the same will be for hearing at the next term of said court; to-wit: the February term, A. D., 1883, on the first day thereof, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard.

JOHN WALKER,
THOMAS JAMES,
JAMES JAMES,
GEORGE LEASE,
} Trustees.
Jan 6 4w.

Farm for Sale.

I wish to sell 160 acres of land in Keene township, three miles from the Court House and one and one-half miles from Keene, and near Saul Miller's residence. Eighty acres are cleared and well set in bluegrass, not having been plowed for more than eight years. Plenty of water, good timber, good fence, orchards, and the whole underlaid with coal. Will divide into two farms to good advantage.

Will also sell my home farm consisting of 200 acres well improved, on the grade road one mile south of Keene. Terms easy.

GEO. W. NORMAN.
Keene, O. Dec 9-3 mon.

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Board, Glass,
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ORDERS BY MAIL promptly attended to, and Estimates cheerfully given. Address,
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INVESTORS
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Paying Stocks or Bonds yielding
TEN PER CENT. Per annum, and over,
WELL SECURED,
may obtain full particulars, with satisfactory references and testimonials, by addressing H. BLAISDELL, Fin'l. Ag't., 48 Congress St., Boston, Mass. Mention this paper.
Jan13-4w

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Administratrix, with the will annexed, of the Estate of David W. Richcreek, late of Coshocton county, deceased.

Dated this 4th day of January, A. D., 1883.
NANCY M. RICHCREEK,
Administratrix, with the will annexed, of David W. Richcreek, deceased. Jan13 3t

Executor's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Executor of the estate of Harriett Parrish, late of Coshocton county deceased.

Dated this 30th day of December, A. D., 1882.
Jan6 3w. WILLIAM McNABB.

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Ja. 6-1y.

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time." $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay all the time, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. Jan 6-1y.

$72 A week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. Jan 6-1y

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Saturday Night.

I.

What memories sweet and what thoughts pure and holy
Entwine themselves closely around that thought bright!
What tender, pure passions absorb the mind solely
When gathered around the hearth Saturday night!
How hallowed, sincere seem the thoughts of the morrow,
Of laying aside the week's toiling for rest;
Of quitting once more all our past grief and sorrow,
And seeming we're nearing the realms of the blest!

II.

To-night we look over our past week's marked pages
To see what a record we've made for our time;
To see how is passing our varied life-stages,
To see if aught done may be counted sublime
If good to the record, how great is the favor
Of being let view o'er a useful week past!
If ill 'tis, half loses the hallowed charm's savor,
But promising better, the sacred thoughts last.

III.

All thoughts that are angry are banished forever,
While praying for guidance for living right;
The chasm deep-growing, which would our hearts sever,
Is strongly bridged o'er this blessed Saturday night,
For the absent we pray, for the dead we are weeping,
But God we reflect, will secure them their due,
As over our minds a faith stronger is creeping,
For now we seem starting a life-time anew.

IV.

O wisdom divine of the all-wise Creator,
In setting apart a day resting life's aim -
Bestowing that blessing than which there's none greater--
A day named for rest and to worship His name!
And Saturday night, a true type of that blessing
Of quiet that comes with the morrows gray light;
God grant that such follow the soul's earthly dressing,
And calm as this now be life's Saturday night!

How Jones Discovered His Christmas Present.

Peace, like a white-winged dove, has lately brooded over the Jones family; but one day last week the demon of discord entered most unexpectedly. Jones was getting ready to go down town in the morning, and in looking for a handkerchief in the family bureau found a drawer that resisted him—in fact it was locked, a most unheard-of thing in that family. At first it only made Jones mad, because the resistance threw him across the room, and bounced him up against a chiffonier on the other side, but when he regained consciousness he called Maria and asked her with white, calm lips, where the key was. She said it was in her pocket. He demanded it. She refused to give it to him; and then ensued one of those most painful domestic silences which are so much more harrowing than words or blows. Jones went out and came in for three days, and sulked during the whole time, for an awful suspicion had taken possession of him. He remembered that Maria had been distraught and mysterious lately, with a glassy look in her eyes. He recalled the fact that several times the door bell had rung in the evening and she had evaded his inquiry as to who was there. He knew the evil tendency of the age and shuddered at the idea that Maria had met a handsomer man than he. Green-eyed jealousy took possession of his soul and ate and ate into his heart like a canker!

But all things come to an end. One night Mrs. Jones went out, and as she tripped past the parlor door she looked in and said: "Jeptha, if you hear the baby gurgle I wish you'd look at him."

That was his opportunity—now or never. He crept softly upstairs and entered the peaceful room where their child was sleeping and turned the gas down to the merest glimmer; then he stealthily produced a key and fitted it into the lock of that drawer and pulled it silently open, and there lay before him—the picture of that other man—? Oh, no! but a pair of slippers embroidered in red, green and yellow with a terra cotta "J. J." in a wreath of eglantine on each toe and a "Merry Christmas" card tacked to the pair. Poor Jones! this was even worse than he expected. It is enough to break up any man to thrust a pair of embroidered slippers upon him, and as he stood and looked and shivered and realized that the things were four inches too short and had soft heels, he saw a paper sticking up curiously on one side. It was addressed in a man's handwriting to Mrs. Jones. Ha! ha! this, then, was a clue!

It was; it was the bill from the man who sold the shoes, and it included one for the velvet and another for the embroidery, and Jones was trying to foot the matter up to his satisfaction when a tremendous blow fell on his head and a fearful howl rent the air as Bridget shrieked:

"Ow, ye mizzable, thieven, maraudin' blaggard, I'll tache ye to stale into decent people's houses—oh, howly Moses! it's the master himself, bad 'cess to him. How was I to tell him from enny other thafe?"

Jones patched up a peace with Bridget, who promised not to say "divil a wurrd" to Mrs. J., but oh, with what a weary heart did the unhappy man wait for the coming of Christmas!—*Detroit Post.*

A Fellow Feeling on the Part of a Judge.

A gentleman was arraigned before an Arkansas justice on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. He had entered a store, pretending to be a customer, but proved to be a thief.

"Your name is Jim Lickmore," said the justice.

"Yes, sir."

"And you are charged with a crime that merits a long term in the penitentiary?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are guilty of the crime?"

"I am."

"And you ask for no mercy?"

"No, sir."

"You have had a great deal of trouble within the last two years?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"You have often wished that you were dead?"

"I have, please your honor."

"You wanted to steal money enough to take you away from Arkansaw?"

"You are right, judge."

"If a man had stepped up and shot you just as you entered the store, you would have said, 'Thank you, sir?'"

"Yes, sir, I would. But, judge, how did you find out so much about me?"

"Some time ago," said the judge with a solemn air, "I was divorced from my wife. Shortly afterward you married her. The result is conclusive. I discharge you. Here, take this fifty-dollar bill. You have suffered enough."—*Little Rock Gazette.*

A work on the diseases of elephants is being written. Their more prominent affections are stated to be meningitis, apoplexy, vomiting, colic, enteritis, hæmaturia, tetanus or lockjaw, pneumonia, anthrax, and "foot and mouth disease."

A Man Put to Rout.

Most men will lose their presence of mind under moments of excitement. Thus, observes the Boston *Journal*, it is no great discredit to a well-known man in a suburban town that he quite lost his head recently in consequence of an unexpected and alarming incident. He was at the railway station in the place of his residence upon the arrival of the noon train from Boston, and saw descend therefrom a half-score of chattering, laughing and attractive young women. Gathered on the platform to welcome them was another bevy of maidens, who were at once set upon by the detachment above mentioned, and the accustomed scene of osculation, fervent embraces, and expressions of pleasure which is to be noted whenever two or three women are gathered suddenly together was enacted. The congregation of assorted males who were present looked upon this animated scene with mingled amusement and yearning, and the man in question, who was young and waggish, began burlesquing the action of the young women by seizing upon a masculine friend, embracing him with ardor, and affecting to kiss him with much loud labial smacking. While thus engaged one of the liveliest of the girls observed him, and, stepping up to him, remarked that if he was as anxious for a kiss as he seemed to be he had better let his friend alone and kiss her. The hilarity of the person thus challenged immediately vanished, his jaw fell and his knees smote together, and he feebly ejaculated, in stammering accents: "Thank you; but I I'm married!" The girl laughed mischievously and vanished, and five minutes later the subject of this sketch was seen stamping around the depot and calling himself all sorts of names because he didn't dare meet the audacious young woman half way. But when he reached home he doubtless gave his wife an edifying account—and one quite different from the above of how his firmness had brought to discomfiture a bold and designing female.

Why Bridal Couples Visit Independence Hall.

Mrs. Wilson, the superintendent of the museum in Independence Hall, says that her most numerous and interesting visitors are the bridal parties, and that every day she has an opportunity of witnessing the curious phases of character and sentiment developed by newly wedded bliss.

Yesterday a pair of lovers came in and began to look at the pictures and examine the hundred and one curious things in the cases. They were evidently from the country, the wife being a pretty little bride, with blonde hair and sky-blue eyes. After spending an hour in the museum and completing the circuit of the room, hand in hand they stood looking pensively out of the back window.

"George," she said softly, "do you know why bridal couples come here so much?"

George didn't know at all, and with a pretty little blush she leaned over on his shoulder and whispered. "Because it is the Cradle of Liberty!".

"Hush," said George, "they heard you. "Let's go." And they went.—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Force of an Ice Pack.

The account given in a report recently received in Washington from Lieutenant Ray, commanding the signal service station at Point Barrow, Alaska, of the loss of the steamer North Star on the 8th of July last, illustrates the terrible power of the ice pack in the arctic seas, and the suddenness with which it sometimes closes upon a ship with irresistible force. The North Star had approached the station within about three miles, and then the ice closed upon her and she could get no further. She lay there a whole day, apparently in no special danger, although she could not move. "Suddenly," says Lieutenant Ray, "we heard a great shout raised by the crew, and we could also hear her timbers breaking. In twenty minutes she was out of sight." Lieutenant Ray at once went off to the assistance of the sunken vessel's crew, forty-seven in number, who had got out upon the ice, and all were saved. But for the fact that the accident happened so close to shore, and within sight and hearing of the signal service station, the loss of the North Star might have furnished another terrible story of arctic disaster.

Mrs. Johnson's Policy.

"I don't believe in bein' afraid of your temper," said Mrs. Johnson energetically. "I say fight it out and conquer it. If the Old Harry comes into my family I want to meet him right off. The other night my boy came home ugly as sin. He was all tired out, somebody had been sassy to him and he had been nursing the devil all day long, preparin' an overpowerin' reply. I went up to his room. Now's he's never cross to me, but that night he growled out: "Mother, I wish you would go down stairs and mind your business.'. I sat down and took hold of his hands, and then I boxed his ears a little. I wanted him to realize my presence before I began wasting my breath. Then I scolded him. I scolded for an hour and a half, and when I got through I could wind him around my little finger. 'Mother,' he said, 'I suppose I am sort of hot-headed.' 'Hot-headed,' says I, 'you're just like busted pepper.' Folks ask me why I don't get mad. I tell 'em I ain't rich enough. It's as disablin' as a fit of sickness. When I keep my own carriage I'm going to stir up just as many rows as my neighbors; but as long as I keep boarders for a livin' hain't no time for temper or tears."—*Springfield Republican.*

A Great City's Growth.

Last year 26,170 new houses, covering a length of eighty-six miles, were built in the metropolitan police area of London, which now contains 4,788,657 persons, the largest number, probably, ever packed within fifteen miles of a common center. Out of this multitude twenty-three children and 154 adults were entirely lost. Their disappearance is one of the mysteries of London, upon which but little light is thrown by the fact that fifty-four bodies of persons found dead and unknown were buried before identification. There were three times as many people killed in the streets of London in 1881 as it cost to storm Arabi's position at Tel-el-Kebir, and ten times as many wounded, the figures being, killed 252, wounded 3,400. There were 800 fires, 274 suicides, 11 murders, and only three convictions; 470 burglaries and only 91 convictions.

A small boy of four Summers was riding on a hobby horse with a companion. He was seated rather uncomfortably on the horse's neck. After a reflective pause, he said: "I think if one of us gets off I could ride better."

Gentlemen who are growing gray will be glad to learn from a fashion paper that "the custom of inserting white hairs in dark fur has been abandoned."

A Reasonable Request.

A St. Louis girl thus appeals to a journalist: "I have worn one gown four times this season, for the number of parties I go to exceeds the number of gowns I wear as four to one, and I am not ashamed of wearing one gown many times. But I am ashamed when I see that 'beautiful pale blue silk,' with that familiar 'garniture of lace,' described with microscopic accuracy, so that all my friends may know that I have been dancing again in that same old rag. Won't you ask the managing editors to insist that the reporters shall not describe the same gown worn by the same girls week after week to our shame and confusion. but if they must 'put us in,' let them put us in afresh and arrayed in new habiliments."

The Hired Man's Heavy Box.

A Swedish farmer had a pretty daughter, with whom his hired man fell in love. The old man refusing him he determined to emigrate to the United States. The old man, unable to persuade him to stay, went to the steamship to see him off. He offered to help him carry his big blue box on the steamer. "It's pretty heavy," said the old man. "It will be lighter before it gets to America," said the young man. And so it was—the same minute—for the bottom gave way and out rolled the pretty daughter. She blushed and explained, and the upshot was that her father promised the young fellow that if he would come back with some money in his pockets within two years he should marry the girl.

What Doctors do.

A St. Louis observer has discovered that the cause of a man's death, as reported by his physician, will indicate the financial standing of the man when living. When a poor man dies on account of having drank too much whisky the physician registers it as "drunkenness," or "alcoholism;" but if the deceased was a rich man, the physician puts it as "nervous prostration," "pneumonitis," "general debility," "mania a temulentia," "methysia," or "ivrognerie," If he is only moderately wealthy, a man is likely to get "delirium tremens," or "mania a potu." The moral is that it is better for a man to die rich.

An American lady traveling in Europe was so shocked by the sight of the corpses in the cemetery building at Munich that she has been ill for some weeks. European travelers will remember the custom of allowing the dead to remain, twenty or thirty in one room, in a raised position, with a bell attached to their wrists, that the slightest movement may ring the alarm. This is to prevent any one from being buried alive. These corpses had on caps and other articles of dress, which only added to the ghastliness of their appearance.

Hannibal Hamlin Talks to a Spaniard.

The day after my arrival at Vittoria I went to a shoemaker's to get some repairs done to my boots. There was nobody in the shop; the master was on the opposite side of the street smoking his cigarette. His shoulders were covered with a mantle full of holes, and he looked like a beggar, but a Spanish beggar, appearing rather proud than ashamed of his poverty. He came over to see me, and I explained my business. "Wait a moment," said he, and immediately called his wife. "How much money is there in the purse?" "Twelve piecttas" (fourteen francs, forty centimes). "Then I shan't work." "But," said I, "twelve piecttas will not last forever." "Who has seen to-morrow?" said he, turning his back on me.

Geyer's Great Estate.

The heirs of Conrad Geyer, most of whom live in Philadelphia and Montgomery County, Pa., are preparing to collect the immense estate left by the wealthy Cuban sugar planter. Geyer was born in Montgomery County, of German parentage, and left his home when a young man. He settled in Cuba, and by industry and economy soon became the owner of a plantation. He afterward engaged in business as a sugar refiner near Havana, and at the time of his death a few years ago was worth nearly $8,000,000. Geyer died intestate and without issue, he never having been married. He had five brothers and sisters, three of whom survive him, and the heirs who claim the estate are the next of kin of the deceased millionaire.

Why He Would Vote for Johnson.

Flem Du Bignon tells a good story on Hon. Mark Johnson, of Baldwin. He says he saw Mark during his canvass talking very earnestly to a rural constituent. Meeting the constituent after Mark had left him, he asked him who he was going to vote for. "I reckon I'll vote for Johnson," he said. "You see, I've been wanting a Post Office at my mill for a long time, and I've been a voting for it, and ain't got it yit. Johnson 'lowed if I'd help him to the Legislatur he'd have a Post Office 'stablished at my mill the fust thing he done when he got tha.r"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Justifiable Homicide.

An Arkansaw editor was arraigned before a court on a charge of killing a reporter. The judge, who was formerly a newspaper man, but who had been proved guilty of political fraud and consequently elected to office, was very much interested in the case. "I acknowledge that I killed him" said the editor. "One morning when I took up my paper I saw the following, which the reporter had written: 'An unknown stranger, whose name we failed to learn, committed fatal suicide yesterday.'" "Your defense is sufficient," said the judge, "and I have the pleasure of discharging you."

A Favored Sister.

An exchange says that thoughtless people who imagine that girlhood is free from the care and anxieties of mature years will be surprised to know that the springtime of existence also complains of its trials and petty miseries. "My sister is called more jolly and good-natured than I," said sweet sixteen to her friend, "but then she has none of my troubles. Her hair curls naturally, and is never out of crimp in the worst fog imaginable, and when exposed to the sun she burns a fashionable terra cotta color of tender shade, with little or no red in it."

A Mexican Father.

An incident illustrating Mexican character is related by an exchange. It appears that a Senator of one of the Mexican States, a successful stock raiser, in the prime of life, sold his sheep and gambled away the proceeds of the sale before he returned to his home, and in addition gambled himself into a debt to the amount of $20,000. Like a dutiful son he confessed his guilt to his old father, who promptly gave him a sound thrashing and afterward went to the town and paid the $20,000 obligation.

How to Develop a Boy's Brains.

An incident in the school-life of a teacher, as related by herself, illustrates our point. She had charge of a school in a country town early in her career, and among her scholars was a boy about 14 years old, who cared very little about study, and showed no interest, apparently, in anything connected with the school. Day after day he failed in his lessons, and detentions after school hours and notes to his widowed mother had no effect. One day the teacher had sent him to his seat, after a vain effort to get from him a correct answer to questions in grammar, and, feeling somewhat nettled, she watched his conduct. Having taken his seat, he pushed the book impatiently aside and espying a fly, caught it with a dexterous sweep of the hand, and then betook himself to a close inspection of the insect. For fifteen minutes or more the boy was thus occupied, heedless of surroundings, and the expression of his face told the teacher that it was more than idle curiosity that possessed his mind. A thought struck her, which she put into practice at the first opportunity that day. "Boys," said she, "what can you tell me about flies?" and calling several of the brightest by name, she asked them if they could tell her something of a fly's constitution and habits. They had very little to say about the insect. They often caught one, but only for sport, and did not think it worth while to study so common an insect.—Finally she asked the dunce, who had silently, but with kindling eyes, listened to what his schoolmates hesitatingly said. He burst out with a description of the head, eyes, wings and feet of the little creature so full and enthusiastic that the teacher was astonished and the whole school struck with wonder. He told how it walked and how it ate, and many things which were entirely new to his teacher. So that when he had finished she said: "Thank you! You have given us a real lecture in natural history and you have learned it all yourself."

After the school closed that afternoon she had a long talk with the boy, and found that he was fond of going into the woods and meadows and collecting insects and watching birds, but that his mother thought he was wasting his time. The teacher, however, wisely encouraged him in this pursuit, and asked him to bring beetles and butterflies and caterpillars to school, and tell what he knew about them. The boy was delighted by this unexpected turn of affairs and in a few days the listless dunce was the marked boy of that school.—Books on natural history were procured for him, and a world of wonders opened to his appreciative eyes. He read and studied and examined; he soon understood the necessity of knowing something of mathematics, geography and grammar for the successful carrying on of his favorite study, and he made rapid progress in his classes. In short, twenty years later he was eminent as a naturalist, and owed his success, as he never hesitated to acknowledge, to that discerning teacher.—*Phrenological Journal.*

If Burdette Were a Mule.

No wonder the mule is a kicker, Were I a mule, love, I, too, would kick. Every time I got a chance I would lift somebody higher than a kite. I know just exactly what kind of a mule I would be. A baby mule. One of these sad eyed old fellows that lean back in the breeching and think. With striped legs like a zebra. And a dark brown streak down my back, and a paint brush tail, And my mane cut short, and my foretop banged, and a head as long as a flour barrel, and I'd be worth two hundred and a half in any market, and I'd wear a flat harness and no blinders, and some day, when some man hitched me up to a dray, and piled on a ton and a half of pig iron, a cord of wood, six barrels of flour, a good load of household goods and a steamboat boiler. I would start off with it patiently and haul it steadily until I got to the top of the grade on the new road around North Hill, and right about there and then a falling maple leaf, fluttering down in a spark of gold and crimson, would scare me all but to death, and the authorities would have to drag the Mississippi river six weeks to find all of that load and some of that driver, while in three minutes after the emeute I would be tranquilly browsing on the grassy heights that smile above the silver flowing river. That is the kind of a mule I would be.—*Hawkeye.*

Sayings of the Little Ones.

Eva, noticing a flock of noisy, chattering blackbirds, said, "*Mamma, I guess they're having a sewing 'ciety!*"

Johnnie was sent to town for a quarter of a pound of salt-petre. He astonished the storekeeper by asking for a quarter of a mile of salt-petre.

Roy's grandpa to Frankie (aged five) —"Frankie, Roy's grandpa was a little boy like you once." Frankie—"My grandpa wasn't never a little boy, I know. Coz I was to his house a *great while ago and he wasn't then!*"

A certain little three-year-old likes very much to go to church, and especially enjoys the singing. One day, the choir sang, "Rock of ages, cleft for me," and after she got home, the little one was heard singing, very seriously, "Rock the babies, kept for me."

Annie was six years old, and was going to school with a sister of nine. One afternoon, when school was near its close, her uncle came by and proposed to carry them home. The elder girl was at the head of her class, and would not leave, but Annie said, "All right, Uncle Buck! I'll go. I am *foot, and can't get any footer.*"

A Shame and an Outrage.

"John, what is that peculiar smell?" asked a man's wife when he came home very late. She expected he would say that it was the incense they used in the lodge-room, or that he would tell some other lie, but she was mistaken.

"It's whisky; that's what it is," he replied defiantly.

"Miserable creature," retorted his wife, "you have at last got down so low that you have not got decency enough left to try and lie out of it."

S. W. A., West Chester, Pa.: "I have a horse that has lately suffered from periodical fits of dizziness. Please answer through your valuable paper and let me know what I should do with him. I'm afraid he will get worse if something is not done soon." Our advice, based on a careful perusal of "Every Man His Own Horse Doctor," would be to take him some time when he is not dizzy and sell him to a stranger.—*Texas Siftings.*

Buttons are no longer fantastic or even filigree. Plain gold, oxidized silver, copper or brass, the latter hammered, are "the thing."

General Hazen says that Professor Wiggins, the new Canadian weather prophet, is a humbug.

A Fond Husband's First Request.

One by one by guests paid their respects and departed, last among them being Beryl McMurtry and Aristides Mulcahey, the bridesmaid and best man. At length the bride and groom were left alone, and when he had encircled her waist with his arm, he paused, and asked, in tones choked with emotion:

"Would you do anything I should ask of you, love?"

She did not answer at first, but suddenly nestled herself against his great manly breast, and murmured, softly:

"Why, darling, you know I would! What is it!

After a moment of agonized hesitation, he leaned over her, his face betraying his firm resolve and his lips almost touching her beautiful hair, as he hissed into her ear the baleful words:

"Promise me to write no more poetry!"

Without raising her head, the beautiful girl slipped limp and senseless from his arms and fell on the floor with a dull, sickening thud.

"I have knocked her out in less than four rounds," he said, and began rolling a cigarette.—*Chicago Herald.*

Corn vs. Oats for Horses.

The comparative value of corn and oats as food for horses may be briefly stated as follows: Corn is deficient in many of the elements of nutrition so necessary for recuperating the constant wear and tear which necessarily takes place in the body of a living animal. On this account, horses which are exclusively fed on corn and hay do not receive that kind of nourishment which appears necessary for the due support and maintenance of the animal fabric; hence, we must not be surprised that corn-fed horses show evidence of being languid, by sweating profusely while being worked, lack of vitality, etc. Oats, on the contrary, contain more of the essential elements of nutrition than any other article of food which can be fed with impunity to horses, but are decidedly the most nutritious. They are the cheapest, because there is less risk in feeding them, and experience has proved that horses properly fed on oats and timothy hay, with regular exercise, good grooming, and proper sanitary regulations, can be brought to the highest state of physical culture, and can perform more work with less evidence of fatigue than when fed on any other article of food.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Adulterated Jams.

According to the correspondent of an English trade journal, it is a mistake to suppose that fruit is absolutely necessary to the manufacture of preserves. He describes a visit to a large jam producing factory, in which he found that the work was being bravely carried on without the aid of fruit at all. Jams of various kinds were being produced before his eyes—currant, plum, apricot, strawberry, raspberry and gooseberry. Yet, neither currant, plum, apricot, strawberry, raspberry, or gooseberry was in the building. Turnips served the purposes of the fruit. The flavoring matter was extracted from coal-tar, and the resemblance to strawberry and raspberry jam was further produced by mixing the boiling compound with small seeds with some cheap inocuous herb. A common form of sugar is used and this is the only honest ingredient in the mess. These preserves are offered as made from "this season's fruit."

Women as Bank Officers.

Miss Jennie Jackson, daughter of Collector of Internal Revenue Jackson, of the Twenty-third district of Pennsylvania, is assistant cashier of the Apollo Savings bank, of Apollo, Pa. She is one of the very few ladies of this country who have found such employment, and the first, it is believed, to be honored with an official title. A lady, daughter of the president, formerly officiated behind the counter of an Altoona national bank, but married the cashier and retired. In the People's Savings bank, at Newcastle, Pa., a comely damsel can be seen at any time during business hours, with pen behind ear, dishing out lucre or making entries in the books. A lady used to be employed in a bank at Foxburg, but whether there now the writer is not informed.

He Wanted to Sue.

Some time since an Ohio paper got after a manufacturing concern and gave it such a showing up that the president went to a lawyer and said he desired to begin a libel suit.

"What has the paper said?" asked the attorney.

"Why, that we never paid a dividend."

"Well, have you?"

"No; but it said we couldn't pay our bands."

"And you haven't for the past two months, have you?"

"I can't say we have; but it said our stock was down to 14, the concern mortgaged, and that bad management would soon bust us."

"Isn't it all so?"

"Confound it, yes! and that's what I want to sue for!" yelled the president.

A Husband with Poetical Heels.

A lady who had married a dancing-master was discussing the subject of matrimony with a female friend. The latter, a spinster in whose heart the frost of forty winters had not withered the tender flowers of sentiment, declared that nothing but a poet for a husband would satisfy her, and added;

"I could never have married as you did."

"You forget there is a poetry of motion," returned the other; "my husband writes poetry with his heels."

The Persian Rose.

Pyrethrum rose, the insecticide plant, is perfectly hardy in this climate, and may be raised as easily as the coneflower or mayweed. The value of the powder made from the flower as an insecticide can hardly be estimated, since it is sure death to many of our most destructive pests, and yet utterly harmless to human beings and the larger animals.

A man was found in Fredonia, Kas., sitting dead in a chair, his head immersed in a pail of water on another chair beside him. He, it is thought, had a fit, and was drowned in this odd way. It is somewhat singular, too, that for years the man should have braved the dangers of the sea to meet his death in this ignominious way.

A Parisian physician declares the following a certain cure for small-pox and scarlet fever: Sulphate of zinc, one grain; foxglove (digitalis), one grain, half a teaspoonful of sugar. Mix with two tablespoonsful of water. Take a spoonful every hour. He declares the remedy unfailing. Its very simplicity has caused it to be overlooked.



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MONA SCULLY

OR

The Irish Bride of an Englishman

A STORY OF THESE TIMES.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

As they enter, mirth ceases. A remarkable silence falls upon the group. Everybody looks at anything but Violet and her companion.

These last advance in a leisurely manner up the room, yet with somewhat of the sneaking air of those who are in the possession of embarrassing news that must be told before much time goes by. The thought of this perhaps deadens their perception and makes them blind to the fact that the others are unnaturally quiet.

"It has been such a charming day," says Violet, at last, in a rather mechanical tone. Yet, in spite of its stiltedness, it breaks the spell of consternation and confusion that has bound the others in its chains, and restores them to speech.

They all smile, and say, "Yes, indeed," or "Oh, yes, indeed," or plain "Yes," in a breath. They all feel intensely obliged to Violet for her very ordinary little remark.

Then it is enchanting to watch the *petit soins*, the delicate little attentions that the women in a carefully suppressed fashion lavish upon the bride-elect,—as she already is to them. There is nothing under heaven so dear to a woman's heart as a happy love affair,—except, indeed, it be an unhappy one. Just get a woman to understand you have broken or are breaking (the last is the best) your heart about any one, and she will be your friend on the spot. It is so unutterably sweet to her to be a *confidante* in any secret where Dan Cupid holds first place.

Mona, rising, pushes Violet gently into her own chair, a little black-and-gold wicker thing, gaudily cushioned.

"Yes, sit there," she says, a new note of tender sympathy in her tone, keeping her hand on Violet's shoulder as the latter makes some faint polite effort to rise again. "You must indeed. It is such a dear, cozy, comfortable little chair."

Why it has become suddenly necessary that Violet should be made cozy and comfortable she omits to explain.

Then Dorothy, going up to the new-comer, removes her hat from her head, and pats her cheek, and tells her with one of her loveliest smiles that she has "such a delicious color, dearest! just like a wee bit of fresh apple-blossom!"

Apple-blossom suggests the orchard, whereon Violet reddens perceptibly, and Nolly grows cold with fright, and feels a little more will make him faint.

Lastly, Lady Rodney comes to the front with—

"You have not tired yourself, dear, I hope. The day has been so oppressively warm, more like July than May. Would you like your tea now, Violet? We can have it half an hour earlier if you wish."

All these evidences of affection Violet notices in a dreamy, far-off fashion; she is the happier because of them; yet she only appreciates them languidly, being filled with one absorbing thought, that dulls all others. She accepts the chair, the compliment, and the tea with grace, but with somewhat vague gratitude.

To Jack his brothers are behaving with the utmost *bonhomie*. They have called him "old fellow" twice, and once Geoffrey has slapped him on the back with a heartiness well meant, and no doubt encouraging, but trying.

And Jack is greatly pleased with them, and, seeing everything just now through a rose-colored veil, tells himself he is specially blessed in his own people, and that Geoffrey and old Nick are two of the decentest old men alive. Yet he too is a little *distrait*, being lost in an endeavor to catch Violet's eyes,—which eyes refuse persistently to be so caught.

Nolly alone of all the group stands aloof, joining not at all in the unspoken congratulations, and feeling indeed like nothing but the guilty culprit that he is.

"How you were all laughing when we came in," says Violet, presently; "We could hear you all along the corridor. What was it about?"

Everybody at this smiles involuntarily,—everybody, that is, except Nolly, who feels faint again, and turns a rich and lively crimson.

"It was some joke, of course?" goes on Violet, not having received any answer to her first question.

"It was," says Nicholas, feeling an answer can no longer be shirked. Then he says, "Ahem!" and turns his glance confidingly upon the carpet.

But Geoffrey, to whom the situation has its charm, takes up the broken thread.

"It was one of Nolly's good things," he says, genially. "And you know what he is capable of when he likes! It was funny to the last degree,—calculated to set any 'table in a roar.' Give it to us again, Nolly. It bears repeating. Ask him to tell it to you, Violet."

"Yes, do, Nolly," says Violet.

"Go on, Noll," exclaims Dorothy, in her most encouraging tone. "Let Violet hear it. *She* will understand it."

"I would, of course, with pleasure," stammers the unfortunate Nolly,—"only perhaps Violet heard it before."

"Well, really, do you know, I think she did!" says Mona, so demurely that they all smile again.

"I call this beastly mean," says Mr. Darling to Geoffrey in an indignant aside. "You all gave your oaths to secresy before I began, and now you are determined to betray me. I call it right-down shabby. And I shan't forget it to any of you, let me tell you that."

"My dear fellow, you can't have forgotten it so soon," says Geoffrey, pretending to misunderstand this vehement whisper. "Don't be shy! or shall I refresh your memory? It was, you remember, about——"

"Oh, yes—yes—I know; it doesn't matter; (I'll pay you out for this)," says Nolly savagely, in an aside.

"Well, I do like a good story," says Violet, carelessly.

"Then Nolly's last will suit you down to the ground," says Nicholas. "Besides its wit, it possesses the rare quality of being strictly true. It really occurred. It is founded on fact. He himself vouches for the truth of it."

"Oh, go on; do," says Mr. Darling, in a second aside, who is by this time a brilliant purple from fear and indignation.

"Let's have it," says Jack, waking up from his reverie, having found it impossible to compel Violet's eyes to meet his.

"It is really nothing," says Nolly, feverishly. "You have all heard it before."

"I said so," murmurs Mona, meekly.

"It is quite an old story," goes on Nolly.

"It is, in fact, the real and original 'old, old story,'" says Geoffrey, innocently, smiling mildly at the leg of a distant table.

"If you are bent on telling them, do it all at once," whispers Nolly, casting a withering glance at the smiling Geoffrey. "It will save time and trouble."

"I never saw any one feel the heat so much as our Oliver," says Geoffrey, pleasantly. "His complexion waxeth warm."

"Would you like a fan, Nolly?" says Mona, with a laugh, yet really with a kindly view to rescuing him from his present dilemma. "Do you think you could find me mine? I fancy I left it in the morning-room."

"I am sure I could," says Nolly, bestowing upon her a grateful glance, after which he starts upon his errand with suspicious alacrity.

"How odd Nolly is at times," says Violet, yet without any very great show of surprise. She is still wrapped in her own dream of delight, and is rather indifferent to objects in which but yesterday she would have felt an immediate interest. "But, Nicholas, what was his story about? He seems quite determined not to impart it to me."

"A mere nothing," says Nicholas, airily; "we were merely chaffing him a little, because you know what a mess he makes of anything of that sort he takes in hand."

"But what was the subject of it?"

"Oh—well—those thirty-five charming compatriot's of Mona's, who are now in the House of Commons, or, rather, out of it. It was a little tale that related to their expulsion the other night by the Speaker—and—er—other things."

"If it was a political quip," says Violet, "I shouldn't care about it."

This is fortunate. Every one feels that Nicholas is not only clever, but singularly lucky.

"It wasn't *all* politics, of course," he says, carefully.

Whereupon every one thinks he is a bold and daring man thus to risk fortune again.

It is at this particular moment that Violet, inadvertently raising her head, lets her eyes meet Jack Rodney's. On which that young man—being prompt in action—goes quickly up to her, and in sight of the assembled multitude takes her hand in his.

"Violet, you may as well tell them all now as at any other time," he says, persuasively.

"Oh, no, not now," pleads Violet, hastily. She rises hurriedly from her seat, and lays her disengaged hand on his lips. For once in her life she loses sight of her self-possession, and a blush, warm and rich as carmine, mantles on her cheek.

This fond coloring, suiting the exigencies of the moment, suits her likewise. Never before has she looked so entirely pretty. Her lips tremble, her eyes grow pathetic. And Captain Rodney, already deeply in love, grows one degree more impressed with the fact of his own good fortune in having secured so enviable a bride.

Passing his arm round her, he draws her closer to him.

"Mother, Violet has promised to marry me," he says, abruptly. "Haven't you, Violet?"

And Violet says "Yes," obediently, and then the tears come into her eyes, and a smile is born upon her lips, so sweet, so now, as compels Dostie to whisper to Mona, a little later on, that she "didn't think it in Violet to look like that."

Here of course everybody says the most charming thing he or she can think of at a moment's notice; and then they all kiss Violet, and Nolly, coming back at this auspicious instant with the fan and recovered temper, joins in the general congratulations, and actually kisses her too, though Geoffrey whispers "traitor" to him in an awful tone, as he goes forward to do it.

"It is the sweetest thing that could have happened," says Dorothy, enthusiastically. "Now Mona and you and I will be real sisters."

"What a surprise it all is," says Geoffrey, hypocritically.

"Yes, isn't it?" says Dorothy, quite in good faith; "though I don't know after all why it should be; we could see for ourselves we knew all about it long ago!"

"Yes, *long ago*," says Geoffrey, with animation. "Quite an hour ago."

"Oh, hardly!" says Violet, with a soft laugh and another blush. "How could you?"

"A little bird whispered it to us," explains Geoffrey, lightly. Then, taking pity on Nolly's evident agony, he goes on, "that is, you know, we guessed it; you were so long absent, and—and that."

There is something deplorably lame about this exposition, when you take into consideration the fact that the new lovers have been, during the past two months, *always* absent from the rest of the family, as a rule.

But Violet is content.

"It is like a fairy-tale, and quite as pretty," says little Dorothy, who is quite safe to turn out an inveterate match-maker when a few more years have rolled over her sunny head.

"Or like Nolly's story that he declines telling me," says Violet, with a laugh.

"Well, really, now you say it," says Geoffrey, as though suddenly struck with a satisfactory idea, "it is uncommonly like Nolly's tale; when you come to compare one with the other they sound almost similar."

"What! How could Jack or I resemble an Irish member?" asks she, with a little grimace.

"Everything has its romantic side," says Geoffrey; "even an Irish member, I dare say. And when you *do* induce Nolly to favor you with his last joke, you will see that it is positively bristling with romance."

CHAPTER XXXV.

And now what remains to be told? But little, I think! For my gentle Mona has reached that haven where she would be.

Violet and Dorothy are to be married next month, both on the same day, at the same hour, in the same church,—St. George's, Hanover Square, without telling. From old Lord Steyne's house in Mayfair, by Dorothy's special desire, both marriages are to take place, Violet's father being somewhat erratic in his tastes, and in fact at this moment wandering aimlessly among the Himalayas.

Mona is happier than words can say. She is up to her eyes in business, that business sweetest to a woman's soul, the ordering and directing and general management of a trousseau. In her case she is doubly blessed, because she has the supervising of two.

Her sympathy is unbounded, her temper is equal to the most trying occasions, her heart open to the most petty grievances; she is to the two girls an unfailing source of comfort,—a refuge where they may unrebuked pour out the indignation against their dress-makers that seems to rage unceasingly within their breasts.

Indeed, as Dorothy says one day, out of the plenitude of her heart, "How we should possibly have got on without you, Mona, I shudder to contemplate."

Geoffrey happening to be present when this flattering remark is made, Violet turns to him and says, impulsively,—

"Oh, Geoffrey, wasn't it well you went to Ireland and met Mona? Because if you had staid on here last autumn we might have been induced to marry each other, and then what would have become of poor Jack?"

"What, indeed?" says Geoffrey, tragically. "Worse still, what would have become of poor Mona?"

"What is it you would say?" exclaims Mona, threateningly, turning toward him a lovely face she vainly tries to clothe with anger.

"It is insupportable, such an insinuation," says the lively Doatie. "Violet, Mona's cause is ours; what shall we do to him?"

"Brain him with his lady's fan!" quotes Violet, gayly, snatching up Mona's fan that lies on a *prie-dieu* near, and going up to Geoffrey.

So determined is her aspect that Geoffrey shows the white feather, and, crying "*mea culpa*," beats a hasty retreat.

From morn to dewy eve, nothing is discussed in bower or boudoir but flounces, frills and furbelows, three f's that are considered at the Towers of far more vital importance than those other three of Mr. Parnell's forming. And Mona having proved herself quite in good taste in the matter of her own gowns, and almost an artist where coloring is concerned, is appealed to by both girls on all occasions about such things as must be had in readiness, "Against their bridal day, which is not long." As for instance:

"Mona, do you think Elise is right? she is so very positive; are you sure heliotrope is the correct shade to go with this?" Or—

"Dearest Mona, I must interrupt you again. Are you very busy? No? Oh, then do come and look at the last bonnet Madame Verote has just sent. She says there will be nothing to equal it this season. But," in a heart-broken voice, "I cannot bring myself to think it becoming."

Lady Rodney, too, is quite happy. Everything has come right; all is smooth again; there is no longer cause for chagrin and never-ending fear. With Paul Rodney's death the latter feeling ceased, and Mona's greatness of heart has subdued the former. She has conquered and laid her enemy low; without the use of any murderous force the walls have fallen down before her, and she has marched into the citadel with flying colors.

Yet does she not triumph over her beaten foe; nay, so different is it with her that she reaches forth her hand to raise her again, and strive by every tender means in her power to obliterate all memory of the unpleasant past.

And Lady Rodney is very willing that it should be obliterated. Just now, indeed, it is a favorite theory of hers that she could never have been really uncivil to dear Mona (she is always "dear Mona" of late days) but for the terrible anxiety that lay upon her, caused by the Australian and the missing will, and the cruel belief that soon Nicholas would be banished from the home where he had reigned so long as master. Had things gone happily with her, her mind would not have been so warped, and she would have learned at once to understand and appreciate the sweetness of the dear girl's character! And so on.

Mona accepts this excuse for by-gone injustice, and even encourages her mother-in-law to enlarge upon it,—seeing how comfortable it is to her to do so,—and furthermore tries hard in her own kind heart to believe in it also.

She is perhaps as near being angry with Geoffrey as she can be when one day he pooh-poohs this charitable thought, and gives it as his belief that worry had nothing to do with it, and that his mother behaved uncommonly badly all through, and that sheer obstinacy and bad temper was the cause of the whole matter.

"She had made up her mind that you would be insupportable, and she could not forgive you because you weren't," says that astute young man, with calm conviction. "Don't you be taken in, Mona."

But Mona in such a case as this prefers being "taken in" (though she may object to the phrase), and in process of time grows positively fond of Lady Rodney.

"In company with so divine a face, no rancorous thoughts could live," said the duke on one memorable occasion, alluding to Mona, which speech was rather a lofty soar for His Grace, he being for the most part of the earth, earthy.

Yet in this he spoke the truth, echoing Spenser, (though unconsciously), where he says,—

"So every spirit, as it is most pure
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habit in,
For the soule the bodie forme doth take,
For soule is forme and doth the bodie make."

With Lady Rodney she will, I think, be always the favorite daughter. She is quite her right hand now. She can hardly get on without her, and tells herself her blankest days are those when Mona and Geoffrey return to their own home, and the Towers no longer echoes to the musical laugh of old Brian Scully's niece, or to the light footfall of her pretty feet. Violet and Dorothy will no doubt be dear; but Mona, having won it against much odds, will ever hold first place in her affections.

After all she has proved a great success. She has fought her fight, and gained her victory; but the conquered has deep reason to be grateful to her victor.

Where would they all be now but for her timely entry into the library on that night never to be forgotten, and her influence over the poor dead-and-gone cousin? Even in the matter of fortune she has not been behindhand, Paul Rodney's death having enriched her beyond all expectation. Without doubt, therefore, there is good reason to rejoice over Mrs. Geoffrey.

To this name, given to her in such an unkindly spirit, Mona clings with singular pertinacity. Once, when Nolly has called her by it in Lady Rodney's hearing the latter raises her head, and a remorseful light kindles in her eyes; and when Mr. Darling has taken himself away she turns entreatingly to Mona, and, with a warm accession of coloring, says, earnestly,—

"My dear, I behaved badly to you in that matter. Let me tell Oliver to call you Mrs. Rodney for the future. It is your proper name."

But Mona will not be entreated; sweetly, but firmly, she declines to alter the *sobriquet* given her so long ago now. With much gentleness she tells Lady Rodney that she loves the name; that it is dearer to her than any other could ever be; that to be Mrs. Geoffrey is the utmost height of her very highest ambition; and to change it now would only cause her pain and a vague sense of loss.

So after this earnest protest no more is ever said to her upon the subject, and Mrs. Geoffrey she is now to her friends, and Mrs. Geoffrey, I think, she will remain to the end of the chapter.

THE END.

Smoke Preventing Deaths.

Some one has at last been found to say a good word for smoke. The Burslem Town Council has been discussing the death-rate in that town, which appears just now to be rather high, and the medical officer consoles them by pointing out that the deaths would be more numerous still were it not for the smokiness of the town. The evil effects of their bad system of drainage are largely counteracted by the smoke from the factories, which blends with the atmosphere, to act as a deodorizer; and he was at loss to imagine how "intelligent men, and even members of his own profession," could complain of the "smoke nuisance." The doctors may be left to settle the matter for themselves; but one must admit that smoke certainly has some of those offensive qualities which belong to recognized "deodorizers."

The Two Goats.

Somebody hung a red bed-spread on a clothes-line over at Somerville the other day and Mrs. Moriarty's goat saw it from the north just as Mrs. Finnegan's goat caught sight of it from the south. The Moriarty goat was a little the farthest from it, but he traveled the fastest, so they got there just the same instant and recoiled about eight feet each, and then stood and thought over it about twenty minutes before a sudden flap of the spread decided them to try it again, and that time they got less out of it than before, but they got their mad up and stuck to it till one lost a horn and the other an eye, and the Moriartys and Finnegans are now sworn foes.

A Materialized Spiritual Manifestation.

Old Mr. Gluckey is just now going through with a very aggravated case of spiritualism. He attends a different seance every evening, and sits sixteen hours out of the twenty-four with his fingers stretched out on the table and his eyes fixed on the northeast corner of the ceiling. In fact, Mrs. Gluckey finds him asleep in that position at least a dozen times per diem.

About three o'clock the other morning Mr. G. was awakened by a slight noise in the room, so he sat up and listened.

"Wass-matter?" yelled Mrs. Gluckey, turning over.

"S-s-s-h!" said Mr. G., in a whisper. "I heard a noise in the room just now. Do you know where the matches are?"

"Perhaps it's your precious spirits," sarcastically observed his better half.

Mr. Gluckey thought this a very reasonable suggestion, indeed; so he said, softly:

"Are there any spirits present?"

Three affirmative raps.

"Ah! do you hear that?" and Mr. G. triumphantly nudged his spouse.

"Are you in the spirit form?"

One rap.

"Then you are materialized?" said the old gentleman, much delighted.

Three raps.

"Shall I strike a light?"

The spirit gave a tremendous rap—"No!"

"Have you a communication to make?"

One rap.

"Are you a relative?"

One rap.

"A stranger?"

Three raps.

"Don't you wish to state your name?"

One very loud rap, followed by something like a materialized chuckle.

"I tell you I ain't going to stand this any longer!" gasped Mrs. Gluckey. "There's something wrong here!" and in spite of her husband's efforts to prevent her, she fumbled around for the matches and lit the gas.

As she did so the insulted spirits vanished with a sound like the bang of a door, and the gas revealed nothing whatever—not even Mr. G.'s vest, containing his watch and pocketbook, or Mrs. G.'s jewelry, which had been lying on the bureau.

With the absurd stubbornness of her sex, Mrs. Gluckey insists that the whole seance was conducted by burglars.—*San Francisco Post.*

Ole Bull Must Drink or Fight.

Going down the Mississippi Ole Bull met on the steamboat a party of half-savage men, Colonists from the far West. While reading his newspaper, he was accosted by one of the men, who had been sent as spokesman by his companions, with the request that the fiddler would take a drink with them, offering him a whisky-flask at the same time. "I thank you," said Ole Bull politely, "but I never drink whisky." With a curse the fellow asked if he was a teetotaler. "No, but whisky is like poison to me." "If you can't drink, come and fight then." The man's comrades had gathered round him meantime, and they all cried, "If you won't drink, you must fight. You look d—n strong; show us what you are good for." "A Norseman can fight as well as anybody when his blood is up, but I can't fight when my blood is cold, and why should I?" "You look like a strong fellow, and d—n it, you shall fight." Seeing no way of escape, Ole Bull quietly said, "Since you insist on testing my strength, and there is no reason for fighting, I will tell you what I will do. Let any one of you take hold of me in any way he likes, and I'll wager that in half a minute he shall lie on his back at my feet." A big fellow was chosen, who stepped forward and grasped the violinist round the waist, but was instantly thrown over his head by a sudden wrench and lay senseless on the deck. Ole Bull now felt himself in a very uncomfortable position, for he saw one of the man's comrades draw his bowie-knife, but was relieved when it was used only to open a flask. A good dose poured down his throat soon revived the fainting man, and his first question, "How the devil was I thrown down here?" was answered by a shout of laughter from his companions, in which he himself joined. He sprang to his feet, and after vainly trying to persuade Ole Bull to show him how he had thrown him, he said: "Take this knife home with you; you fight d—d well; you are as quick as lightning!" The artist heard of the same fellow later as having gone to an editor to call him to account for an adverse criticism on his playing, ready to fight for "the strongest fiddler he had ever seen, anyhow!"—*Ole Bull—a memoir.*

A Somnambulist's Freak.

The usual attendants at the police station of Providence, R. I., the other night, when the clock was striking twelve, and the thermometer below zero, were sitting about the roaring fire. A lady entered. She evidently had just rizen from her bed, as she was clad only in her night clothes. Walking up to the sergeant at his desk, she laid down some money and asked for a ticket to Boston. He asked her if she was crazy, and she threatened to report him to his superior officers for his insolence. He advanced toward her and laying his hand upon her was about committing her as a disorderly character when, uttering a piercing shriek, she stared about her. "Where am I? What am I doing here!" she exclaimed, as she began realizing the situation. Then she blushed and turned pale; asked them to clothe her and take her home. She was a sleep-walker and had dreamed that she was taking the train for Boston. Under this delusion she walked into the police, instead of the railroad, station.

The New Parlor Game.

The latest parlor game at Laramie, W. T. The girls sit in one room in a row, with a chair in front of each one. The young men are stationed in another room and are brought in one by one. When he comes in the youth chooses his chair, and the young lady behind blinds him with a handkerchief. Then the black cook comes in, kisses him and disappears. The young man is released, feeling much refreshed and elated, and promptly retires to the other end of the room. His feelings when the next young man comes in and is treated to this novel entertainment can be imagined, but they are mitigated by the pleasure of seeing the other fellows undergoing the experiment.

An exchange tells the little folks to try this: "Take a common twine string a yard long, tie the center around the small part of a tablespoon and wind the ends around the forefinger of either hand, and hold the fingers in the ears. Now swing the spoon until it strikes the table or other hard substance, and you will be surprised at the result.

Flowers for the hair are worn just above the right ear, and are arranged in sprays. Wreaths are entirely out of fashion.

Thoughts About Pottery.

Verily, the potter hath power over the clay. Therefore, the clay is the pot, and the man who makes it the potter. Ergo, potest. Refined and scholarly joke. This style six for a dollar. For $2 an explanation of this superlative joke and the *Hawkeye* for one year will be sent to any part of the United States or Canada.

Pottery is the oldest industry in the world. Adam was made of clay. But he acted as though he was only half baked. His son Cain did the first kiln in the country.

The potter works in the mud, hence we admire his work. His life is one long act of mudder, but he is never hanged for it, though sometimes he is broken at the wheel.

All his work, however good, goes to the fire. What he bakes you cannot eat, although you eat what the other baker sets on it.

The potter is an aristocrat by nature, and always belongs to a set. To several sets, in fact.

He is independent, and urns his own living.

He is a base ball star, and makes a better pitcher than the "only Nolan."

He is no deacon, but he passes the plate regularly. A rigid temperance man, he is fond of his bowl. And he always makes it go round, too.

There never was but one fluid potter, and he did not stay fluid long, for he made a cup and saw, sir.

He is always hopeful, for it is his nature to look cup.

He is a generous fellow, and what is his is owers.

He believes in human equality, and thinks the law should make claymen the equals of the clergy.

"Who breaks, pays," must have been originated by the potter. Although in these perilous times it is more likely to read "Who pays, breaks."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Ten days were spent in a San Francisco court in obtaining a jury to try two Chinamen indicted for murderous assault. In addition to the regular panel 500 jurors were summoned. Two hundred were examined before the 12th man was selected. The difficulty was to obtain men who would believe a Chinaman under oath.

A Boston man was so pleased with a pair of boots that "exactly suited" him that he gave the maker an order for enough boots, shoes, slippers, overshoes, rubbers, etc., to last him through the remainder of his natural life. The order embraced 256 pair of coverings for the feet, and was guaranteed by a deposit of $100 in cash.

Proctor Knott is said to be one of the most convivial spirits in Kentucky, and is described as a florid, portly Southern man, with a stubble, gray mustache, a hat pushed knowingly over his left eye, with a comical look, mingled with such shrewdness as tells the poorest reader of character that he is a born wit.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

INSTRUCTIVE FACTS.

Webster, the lexicographer, defines Catarrh to be "a discharge of fluid from the mucous membrane, especially of the nose, fauces and bronchial passages, caused by a cold in the head. It is attended with cough, thirst, lassitude and watery eyes." It is a disease common alike to all classes of society and sections of country. Unlike an ordinary cold, it cannot be cured by household or family medicines but it requires an antidote from the ranks of materia medica. The preparation so universally known under the name of Ely's Cream Balm is a sovereign, unfailing cure for Catarrh. It is a neat, pleasant and thoroughly effectual remedy. "I have been troubled with catarrh so badly," writes B. F. Lepsner, A. M., of Red Bank, N. J. "For several years that it seriously affected my voice. I tried various remedies without relief. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm did the work. My voice is fully restored, and my health is better than for years."

LET your motto be "Onward and Upward."

QUIT buying humbug medicines. If you are not well, take PERUNA. If costive, take MANALIN.

Do not hesitate to speak where speech will do good.

HAD very sore eyes, almost blind. PERUNA cured me. A. BENDER S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

WHILE life is fleeting so run a competency.

"I AM PROUD."

A lady patient writes from Fishkill Plains Duchess co., N. Y. to David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y.: "My foot is entirely well, and I never felt better in my life than I do now. I am proud of 'Favorite Remedy.' Shall I continue its use?" What ailed the foot? does the reader inquire. It was ulcerated from impure blood. "Favorite Remedy" purified the blood and the ulcer was healed. Lose no precious time, dear woman, but get the "Favorite Remedy" of your druggist, or enclose one dollar to the doctor, at the above address. 1 20-2t

THE cause of labor is the cause of humanity.

GOOD FOR BABIES.

With a baby at breast nothing is so useful for quieting my own and baby's nerves as Parker's Ginger Tonic. It prevents bowel complaints and is better than any stimulant to give strength and appetite. A Newark Mother. jan6-4t.

GOD and His church condemns what is wrong, no matter if the world commends it.

USEFUL IN THE FAMILY.

We usually leave it to doctors to recommend medicines, but Parker's Ginger Tonic has been so useful in our family in relieving sickness and suffering that we cannot say too much in its praise.—Salem Argus. 1-6-4t

To speak harshly to a person of sensibility is like striking a harp-chord with your fists.

Remember This.

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters are a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness, Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malarial, epidemic, bilious, and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and sweetest breath, health and comfort.

In short they cure all Diseases of the stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's disease. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

That poor, bedridden, invalid wife sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health, by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer?—No.

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

Acts at the Same Time on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.)
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

STRONG POINTS ABOUT MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS

ARE AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR KIDNEY TROUBLES, LIVER COMPLAINT, Dyspepsia and all Bowel Disorders.

They supply tone to the stomach, reinvigorate the digestive organs, stimulate the secretions, promote a regular action of the bowels, and enable every organ of the body to perform its allotted work regularly and without interruption. In use in U. S., since 1855, and in Germany for over 200 years. For the complaints peculiar to all of the FEMALE SEX, they are unequalled by any medicine in the world. With the trade mark "Hope," they have proven a boon to millions of distressed people. Compounded with as much care as any extract. Proved best.

A Reliable Household Remedy thoroughly adapted to assist nature. Highly commended as a general Tonic and Appetizer. Send for "Messenger of Health."

Mishler Herb Bitters Co. Lancaster, Pa. All Druggists.

Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup Never Fails.

Failing!

That is what a great many people are doing. They don't know just what is the matter, but they have a combination of pains and aches, and each month they grow worse.

The only sure remedy yet found is BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and this by rapid and thorough assimilation with the blood purifies and enriches it, and rich, strong blood flowing to every part of the system repairs the wasted tissues, drives out disease and gives health and strength.

This is why BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure kidney and liver diseases, consumption, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, malaria, intermittent fevers, &c.

Mr. Simon Blanchard, a well-known citizen of Hayesville, Meade county, Kentucky, says: "My wife had been sick for a long time, and her constitution was all broken down and she was unable to work. She was advised to use Brown's Iron Bitters, and found it to work like a charm. We would not now be without it for any consideration, as we consider it the best tonic in the world."

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is *not* a drink and does not contain whiskey. It is the only preparation of Iron that causes no injurious effects. Get the genuine. Don't be imposed on with imitations.

PE-RU-NA

Never fails to cure any kidney disease whatsoever; also, diseases of the bladder.

Incontinence of urine, (wetting the bed) PERUNA is a positive cure.

In errors of youth, PERUNA is a specific.

For brick-dust or other deposits, take PERUNA.

For nervous timidity and impotency, take PERUNA.

PERUNA will restore sexual debility to the energy, and vigor of youth in both sexes.

For nervous prostration, caused by excessive natural or unnatural sexual indulgence, PERUNA is a sure cure.

Aged and young persons who are disturbed too frequently, at night, to make water, can rely implicitly on PERUNA.

For urinary diseases of both sexes, for female complaints of all kinds, PERUNA is a specific.

$1000 will be paid for any case PERUNA will not restore or at least greatly benefit.

Send for a pamphlet.

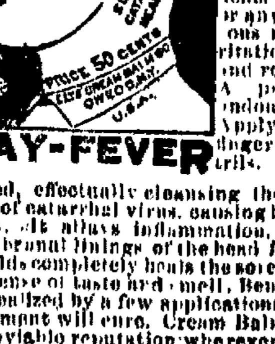
S. B. HARTMAN & CO., Osborn, Ohio.

Keep your bowels regular with

MAN-A-LIN

For Sale in Coshocton by Dr. J. Anderson & S[on]

CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

A POSITIVE CURE! ELY'S CREAM BALM. FOR CATARRH and Hay Fever.

Agreeable to use, unequalled for cold in the head, headache, and deafness, or any kind of mucous membranal irritation, inflamed and rough surfaces. A preparation of undoubted merit. Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure. Cream Balm has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. Send for circular containing full information and reliable testimonials. By mail, prepaid 50c. a package. Stamps received. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists. ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y. nov 25, 1y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.



This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y. 50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic.

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON COLOGNE

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of Hiscox & Co.

[illegible]

JUST WHAT WE SAY

[illegible] Champion Lesson [illegible] Scoring Board [illegible] The best selling [illegible] ever offered to agents. Patented Sept. 13, [illegible] 1,000 already sold. It sells at sight. [illegible]

BIG PROFITS to AGENTS.

[illegible] M. & W. Manufacturing [illegible] Chillicothe, Ohio.

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

The Board of School Examiners of Coshocton county, will meet at the

Old Union School House,

COR. THIRD & SYCAMORE STS.,

COSHOCTON, OHIO.

Second and fourth Saturdays of March, April, September, October, November, and December, and on the fourth Saturday the remaining months of the year. Examinations will commence promptly at

—NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.—

Each applicant will be required to pay to the Board of Examiners, before entering upon examination, a fee of

—FIFTY CENTS.—

Applicants are also required to furnish a stamped envelope with their address written thereon, on which the result of their examination will be forwarded to them by mail.

JOSIAH HARRIS, Clerk.

AN OLD FRIEND

When you took the American Agriculturist you thought it was good. It is now more valuable, to you than ever, being specially adapted for the West. Send stamp for specimen copy and see how wonderfully the paper has improved. Price, $1.50 a year. English or German edition. ORANGE JUDD CO., 751 Broadway, New York.

[illegible] Compendium of Forms.

THE MOST CAREFULLY prepared and complete manual of forms, social, educational, legal and commercial, ever published, [illegible] Just revised and many new features added; now containing [illegible] quarto pages [illegible] colored plates. A Rare Chance for Good Agents. Send for circulars.

GRAVES & LEWIS,
82 SUPERIOR ST., CLEVELAND, O.

SOLDIERS

Charged with DESERTION after May 22, 1865, can [illegible] PAY, BOUNTY and HONORABLE DISCHARGE. Apply only to HARVEY [illegible], 59 Corcoran [illegible] Washington, D. C., who collects [illegible]

PHIL. HOGLAN, PH. G.,

Analytical and Consulting

CHEMIST.

Special attention given to Toxicology and analysis of iron ores. Office in W. R. Shield's drug store.

B. F. SELLS'

LIVERY STABLE,

In rear of Central House,

Main Street, Coshocton, O

Having a good stock of sound, young traveling horses, substantial and fashionable carriages, I am prepared to accommodate the public at all times, at reasonable rates, with Buggies, Carriages, and Saddle Horses.

Horse Feed and Stalls Always Ready

Superintending my business in person, and keeping the best of employees, I am prepared to feed and take the best of care of horses entrusted to my charge, at reasonable rate. Give me a call. B. F. SELL.

TELEGRAPH DEPARTMENT

OF THE

Northwestern Ohio Normal School

Combines school with telegraph office, Course thorough, practical and complete. Students graduating in offices on railroad line. Expenses very low. Situations guaranteed. Send for particulars before going elsewhere.

P. W. REAM, Manager, Ada, Hardin co., O.

Wanted—$5,000 worth of furs and beep pelts at my place of business, for which I will pay the highest market price in cash. A. EVANS,
dec9-3m.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

WOOL.

[Concluded from First Page.]

knows that when he picks his sheep, discarding all that will not shear 7 pounds, he will have some that will run to 15 pounds, but much the larger number that would run 7 pounds.

5th query. I never knew any farmer to buy high priced sheep in Vermont or Pennsylvania, for the sole purpose of growing wool. He would be wild if he did.

He must keep in view 1st, wool; 2d, mutton; 3'd, increase of flock and the sale of surplus ewes; and still later if he can raise such buck lambs as will readily bring from $10 to 20 per head at six months old. It takes all this to make the business highly profitable and then you might fail.

2d query. We are not discussing your farm accounts only as it refers to the sheep; and my farm acount would not be peritnent at this point. As to our sheep we have several accounts, somewhat looose, we admit, but not so loose as Mr. Lybarger's. Now we believe we have got through with Mr. Lybargers query. Let us state why we call his statements loose.

1st. He gives $7,500 as the price of a farm bought at a time when land was selling every day for two thirds of its value in this and adjoining counties. Mr. Lybarger would from his statements lead us to believe he paid the full value. He may have done so, but who knows from this statement? It looks as if he did not. How much hay did he feed; how much corn; how many lambs did he raise; what per cent died; what per cent of old sheep; and finally what was the care of his sheep worth in dollarsb Now we said our account was loose. It is not practicable to weigh and measure all the hay and grain you feed sheep. Therefore, we are compelled to estimate, but if we estima'e to high, or too low, the reader can estimat for himself.

100 straight merino ewes not registered $10 per head	$ 1000
ten tons of hay $10 per ton	100
200 bushels of grain	100
5 per cent for loss	50
interest on investment	60
pasture	70
salt, care and taxes, shearing, washing etc,	75
	$ 1455

CREDITS.

95 head of old stock,	$ 950
90 lambs, $5 per head,	450
800 pounds wool, 38c.,	304
	1,704
Deduct cost and principal,	1,455
Net profit,	$ 249

Thus you will observe $249 profit on a smaller lot. You might do better on a larger lot, but the chances are you would not do so well. I am aware that in some cases farmers are able to raise as many lambs as he has ewes, and in very few cases earn more. But the above is, in my opinion, a good average. I have placed the lambs at just half the price of the ewes. It is perhaps too low. Very many lambs are worth at weaning time from ten to fifteen dollars. But not so with the low grades. This estimate is from experience, and not only my own experience, but that of some of my neighbors. Now, how about Mr. Lybarger's account? It it was kep' with his sheep it would by his own showing stand something like this:

100 old sheep, 3.00 per head,	$300 00
20 tons of hay,	100 00
500 bushels corn or grain,	100.00
1 per cent. for loss,	15.00
Int. on investment,	18.00
Care, salt, int., washing, shearing, &c.,	75.00
Total cost,	608.00

CREDIT.

95 head old stock,	285.00
90 lambs, 1.50 per head,	135 00
522 pounds wool, 36 cents,	188.10
Total,	608.10
From which deduct principal and cost,	608.00
Total balance,	.10

Now, Mr. Lybarger can invest that 10c in a good cigar, provided his sheep do not get foot rot, scab, paper skin, grub in the head, or some other disease so very common to sheep. In that event, if he had a family and was depending for bread on the results of his sheep experiments, they would surely want. Now, we have, we think, shown conclusively that it takes good sheep to pay at all. Mr. Lybarger's sheep will not quite fill the bill, and yet we are far from classing them with the very poor sheep. Now I think the honorable gentleman would keep a strict account with his sheep, even if he guess at the hay, grain and pasturage, he will readily conclude that the higher price the sheep is, provided it is worth the money, the better. The lambs will surely be worth half as much as the ewes, and that is your greatest source of profit; and at the same time I should be very cautious as to how I dealt with oily tongued sheep peddlers, whether from Vermont, Pennsylvania or Ohio. If you pay $25.00 or 40.00 for a ewe that you should have got for $12.00 or 20.00, you may rest assured that it will throw the balance on the wrong side. Now, I have no hesitation in saying that sheep husbandry is a very close business. It is true if you can get your first stock low enough, and the tariff is not disturbed, and you get good sheep—I mean high grades or thoroughbreds—it is possible, as I have shown, to make it a profitable business; not so much so as is some other business, yet one that is reasonably sure. But get rid of your bare legged mong rels and use nothing but thoroughbred bucks; and be careful how you buy and from whom you buy. Always remember it is wool and mutton we want to sell, and not grease and dust, or little pelters, but good stout sheep, that will weigh from 115 to 160 pounds, which is pretty good for a Spanish sheep. But here we are getting off the subject. Does wool growing or sheep farming ay? The gentleman says it is very profitable on low grades that he proposes to sell for three dollars per head. If he is right then the tariff commissioners are wrong. They should have recommended the entire abrogation of the tariff on wool, in place of about 4 cents per pound. But we will let that other statesman speak, we mean the Hon Columbus Delano, to whom the wool growers of Ohio have intrusted with looking after their interest at Washington. Hear him, (it is good reading.) We suppose Mr. Delano had not read Mr. Lybarger's article, or he never would have been so presumptuous as to have said that little piece of his, and had it published all over the United States and Europe. But enough, hear Mr. Delano in reference to the recommendation of the tariff commissioners:

"It is the effect of this recommendation upon wools of the first class that I desire to consider; that is its effects upon clothing wools; by *these* I mean the full blood and high grade wools of Ohio.

The average cost of importing these wools is about thirty cents per pound so that if American wools of this class advance in price at Boston, Philadelphia, or New York, so as to cost the consumer much more than thirty cents, this fact will at once induce and encourage importation.

The reduction of duty proposed by the Commission on this class of wools, is the removal of the ten and eleven per cent. *ad valorem* duty, and is equal to a reduction of at least three cents per pound; this in its practical effect, will compel the producers of clothing wool to sell at about four cents per pound less than their wool has heretofore averaged, in order to prevent imported produc ions from taking possession of our markets.

Such a recommendation, if adopted, will at once cripple and very soon destroy the production of clothing wools in the United States; it will place the business of supplying our factories with such wools in the hands of the wool growers of South America and Australia; it will compel the four hundred thousand farmers now engaged in wool growing to abandon it for other and more profitable agricultural pursuits; and, in the end, it will transfer to foreign producers the business of supplying the three hundred million pounds of wool annually consumed by our woolen factories, which has heretofore been principally produced by the wool growers of the United States."

Please bear in mind that Mr. Delano is an old wool grower of perhaps forty years, has given this subject much thought, and has invested large amounts of money in improving the wools of Ohio, and he is well qualified from his long experience to speak and what he says should have weight. We think no one will doubt Mr. Delano believes and says that a reduction of the tariff of three cents per pound will in the end destroy the production of wool in the United States. He does not even except the cheap land of Texas and Kansas; and yet this reduction would only injure the Hon. E. Lybarger about $63 per annum. And he assures us that with his flock he can make dead loads of money and leave his sheep in the hands of his tenant whom he pays handsomely. Already the Spring Mountain Statesman can defy the wool commissioners, Who is right; Delano or Lybarger?

WOOL GROWER.

—Geo. L Root, insane from birth, an inmate of the Infirmary, walked so close to the fire Monday that his clothing ignited and he was so badly burned that death ensued the next day.

—At the Justice of the Peace election held in Virginia township, Jan. 16th, H. E Bown resigned his office as township clerk and Abner Cooksey was appointed to fill the vacancy.

—At the special election for Justice of Peace in Virginia township last week, 42 votes were polled as follows: W. W. Cox, 30; Thomas Slaughter, 10; L. F. Crider, 2.

—The W. C. T U. will hold its regular meeting on Wednesday, Jan. 31st, at the lecture room of the M. E. Church at 3 p. m. A full attendance of the members is requested.

New Hamburg Edgings just received at Mrs. W. W. WALKER'S.

—The Young Ladies' Missionary Band of the Presbyterian Church invite their friends and the public generally to a supper to be given by them in City Hall Thursday evening, Feb. 1st. Supper from five to eight o'clock. Broom drill at half past eight. Admission 25 cents.

—Mr. A. Berkowitz leaves Saturday for New York to purchase a stock of Spring Goods. He goes this early that the clothing purchased may be made to order.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers. Dr. Marchisi's Catholicon a Female Remedy—guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Will cure female diseases. All ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration falling and displacement of bearing down feeling, irregularities, barrenness, change of life, leucorrhœa, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like headache, bloating, spinal weakness, sleeplessness, nervous debility, palpitation of the heart, &c. For sale by druggists. Price $1.00 and $1.50 per Bottle. Send to Dr. J. B. Marchisi, Utica, N. Y., for Pamphlet, free. For Sale by L. K. Anderson.

Positive Cure for Piles. To the people of this county we would say we have been given the Agency of Dr. Marchisi's Italian Pile Ointment—warranted to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c. a Box. For sale by L. K. Anderson.

KIDNEY-WORT
HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.
Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.
Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.
Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
KIDNEY-WORT

Amputation of the Leg.

The Old Family Physician at fault. Dr. David Kennedy the successful Surgeon.

Money is the universal necessity, and none but a cynic or a fool will affect to despise it. Mr. Abram Ellsworth, of Port Ewen, Ulster co., N. Y., had realised this truth. His disease involved the whole of his thigh-bone, and the suffering man looked forward, not without apparent reason, to death as his only deliverer. His family physician refused to amputate the limb, asserting that the operation would kill the patient on the spot. Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., who was consulted, held a different opinion, and amputated the limb. The Doctor then administered freely his great blood specific, Favorite Remedy to afford tone and strength to the system, prevent the return of the disease, and Mr. Ellsworth remains to this day in the bloom of health. This gentleman's disease was the offspring of foul blood, and Kennedy's Favorite Remedy purified the blood and restored to him the power once more to enjoy his life. Are you suffering any disease traceable to the same cause? Try Favorite Remedy. Your Druggist has it. One dollar a bottle. Bear in mind the proprietor's name and address. Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. 1 20-4t

tenrm

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A TRUTH that one does not understand becomes an error.

MONROE, MICH., Sept. 25, 1875.—Sirs—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder. It has done for me what four doctors failed to do. The effect of Hop Bitters seemed like magic to me. W. L. CARTER.

To most men experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which illuminate only the track it has passed.

ONE GREAT DEED IS ENOUGH.

Watts invented the steam engine; Morse, the electric telegraph; Whitney, the cotton gin, and Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., discovered and prepared the "Favorite Remedy," which is worth more than all of them, because it saves life and cures disease. It purifies the blood, drives bile from the system, cures those delicate diseases peculiar to women, and is, in short, a sheet anchor in every household. Don't spend your money for paying doctors, when for one dollar a bottle you can have the "Favorite Remedy" always on your shelf. Jan 20-2t

PEACE in life springs from acquiescence even in disagreeable things, not in exemption from suffering.

The youthful color, beauty and lustre are gradually restored to gray hair b Parker's Hair Balsam. Jan6-4t.

WE should give as we receive, cheerfully, for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

***"Skill and patience succeed where force fails." The quiet skill and patient research which brought forth Kidney-Wort illustrates the truth of the fable. Its grand success everywhere is admitted. Disease never comes to us without a cause. Ask any good physician the reason and he will tell you something with the working of the great organs; Kidney-Wort enables them to overcome all obstructions and preserve perfect health. Try a box or bottle at once.

TAKE your life just as if it was given to you.

NEW USES FOR PAPER.

Roofing for houses, car wheels and lastly watches are now being made of paper. Geo. Sanderson Esq., Ex Mayor of Lancaster, Pa., employs printer's ink and paper to tell the world that Mishlers Herb Bitters is the best medicine ever used for human ills. The people all over America have found it true, too.

IT is one of the severest tests of friendship to tell your friend of his faults.

WHEN your wife's health is bad, when your children are sickly, when you feel worn out, use Brown's Iron Bitters.

MEN often blush to hear of what they were not ashamed to act.

[New Haven (Conn.) Union.

HOW A LAWYER TREATED THE CASE.

I, David Strouse, of New Haven, Connecticut, was attacked with a severe rheumatism in my right arm, hand and foot, so that I walked with difficulty, and could hardly use my hand to eat with. I used one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, rubbing well three times a day, and obtained instant relief and a perfect cure.

DAVID STROUSE, Attorney-at-Law.

MARKETS.

Coshocton Prices Current.

Corrected weekly by D. H. Mortley, Grocer, R. R. Corner.

Apples, green, per bushel	75 to 90
Apples, dried, per pound	4 to 5
Butter, per pound	21
Bacon, sides, per pound	10
Beans, per bushel	2 00 to 250
Beeswax, per pound	25
Chickens, per pair, spring	40
Corn Meal, per sack	25 to 50
Dried peaches, pared, per lb	26
Eggs per dozen	25
Flour per sack	1 50
Flour by Patent Process	1 80
Hams per pound Country	10
Honey per pound	15
Lard per pound	10
Onions, per bushel	50
Onion Sets, per bush	
Potatoes per bushel	70
Peaches, dried, per pound	5to6
Shoulders per pound	9
Salt per barrel	1 40
Tallow per pound	9 to 7

Subject to changes during the week.

Coshocton Grain Market.

WHEAT—Per bushel, white, old	$ 1 00
WHEAT—Per Bushel, red, old	1 00
WHEAT—Per Bushel, new	1 00
CORN—old	50
OATS—	36
RYE—	65
FLOUR—Per Barrel, XXX	5 25
Per Sack, XX	1 50
MEAL—Per Bushel	90
BRAN—Per hundred	85
SHORTS—	1 00
CORN and OATS CHOP—	1 00
PATENT FLOUR—per sack	1 10

Pittsburg Market.

Corrected especially for the Coshocton AGE, by R. Beatty, Son & Co., 162 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Wholesale Produce Commission House, established 1860, receive and sell all kinds Country Produce, Domestic and Foreign Fruits and Vegetables. Shippers and Country dealers having seasonable produce, etc, for sale, are invited to consign or correspond.

Provisions

PROVISIONS—Ex. S. C. Hams, per bbl 13¼c; Ex. S C Shoulders, 9¼c; Ex. S C Break fast Bacon, 13½c; Ex. S. Dried Beef in sets 13½c; Beef Tongues per dozen 7 00; Bacon Shoulders, 9¼c; Short Rib Sides, 12 1-4c; Clear Sides, 13¼c; Mess Pork per bbl 18 75; do, Short Cut Family, 40 to 50 pes., in bbl 18 75; Lard, refined summer use in tierces, 11¾c; do, in half bbls, 13¾ c; do in buckets 12 1-2c' do, 3 lb pails 0i t s in case 13¼; do 5 lb pails, 13; do, 6 lb pails 13c; do 10 lb pails, 12 3-4c.

Country Produce.

APPLES—New, Choice, per bbl, 4 00a4 50 good, 3 50a4 00; medium, 2 00a3 00.
APPLE BUTTER—per gal, 50a70c; Apple Jelly, 8a 7c per lb.
BUTTER—Dairy, 25a27c; "Gilt Edge," 23a 25c; Creamery, 35a40c; Choice Roll, 18a20c; Extra Choice Roll, 22a25c; Medium, 12a15c.
DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sliced, 8a10c; do quarters, 7a8c, Peaches, halves, 5a7c; peeled do, 15a18c; pitted Cherries, 23a25c; Rasberries, 34a35c; Blackberries, 12a15c; per lb for all.
FEATHERS—Live Geese, per lb, 50a60cs Mixed, 45a50c.
EGGS—Strictly Fresh, case, 27a23c.
HONEY—York State 23 to 25; White Clover 22a23; Buckwheat 18a20.
MAPLE SWEETS—Syrup, 90a1 00 per gal; Sugar, 11a12c per lb; Sugar, gran, 9a10c.
ONIONS—Onions 1 50 a2 00 per bbl.
POULTRY—Live Chickens, 60a70c per pair, according to size; Old, 60a70, Dressed Turkeys, 16 18; per lb.; chickens 14a15c per lb. Ducks, 14a16 per lb.; Geese 7a8 per lb.
POTATOES—85 to90 per bush.
SALT—No. 1, per bbl 1 20; Extra, per bbl, 1 25; Dairy, per bbl, 1 50.
RAGS—Cotton, White per lb, 2¼c; Cotton, Mixed, 2a2¼c; Woolen, 1-4a½c.
SEEDS—Timothy per bushel, 2 00a2 15, Clover, 5 00a5 25, for small; 5 25a5 75 for large.
TALLOW—Country 7a7½c; Beeswax 23a25c per lb.

Grain, Flour, Feed, Etc.

WHEAT—Prime Red Winter, 1 05a1 08; Medium, 95a1 00. Old, 1 15.
CORN—High mixed Shelled, 53a51; Yellow Shelled, 55a58; Ear Corn, 35a58.
OATS—48 41.
RYE—Choice, 65a70.
BARLEY—80a90 for Prime North-western Spring; 75 a80 for Medium.
FLOUR—Fancy Patents, spring and winter, 7a7 50; Fancy St. Louis, winter, 7 50a7 75 Fancy Family White Amber and Winter, 6 00 a6 25; Choice Family, choice red winter, 5 25a 6 00; XX Family, medium winter, 5 50a5 75 XXX Bakers, Minnesota, 6 00a6 25; XX Bakers Wisconsin, 6 00a6 25; Cornmeal, 85a90c in paper. Oatmeal—medium brand—7 25a7 50 per bbl; Fancy, 7 75 8 00. Rye Flour, 4 50a4 75; buckwheat flour 3¼a3¾.
MILL FEED—White Middlings, 22 00a24 00; Course, do, 17 00a18 00; Seconds, 18 00a21 00; Bran, 15 00a16 00; Chopped Feed, 24 00a26 00.
HAY—Prime Timothy baled, at 11 00a12 00 rton; Prime New Loose, 12 00a15 00. Prairie 9 00a10 00.

East Liberty Live Stock Market

Corrected Especially for the Coshocton Age by John Hesket, & Co., Live Stock Commission Merchants.

SHEEP.

Extra, 100 to 110	$5 50@5 75
Good, 90 to 100	5 10@5 25
Fair, 80 to 90	4 50@4 90
Common, 70 to 80	3 50@4 00
Spring lambs	4 50@6 00

CATTLE.

Extra 1,400 to 1,500	$6 00@6 25
Good 1,200 to 1,300	5 40@5 75
Fair 1,000 to 1,100	5 00@5 25
Com 800 to 900	3 50@4 50

HOGS.

Best Yorkers	$6 75@7 00
Philadelphias	6 50@67 0
Baltimore	5 00 a6 00

Chicago Grain Market.

Wheat	$ 1 02
Corn	70
Oats	38
Rye	61

NEW YORK WEEKLY HERALD.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

The circulation of this popular newspaper is constantly increasing. It contains all the leading news of the Daily Herald and is arranged in handy departments. The

Foreign News

embraces special dispatches from all quarters of the globe. Under the head of

American News

are given the Telegraphic Dispatches of the week from all parts of the Union. This feature alone makes

The Weekly Herald

the most valuable chronicle in the world, as it is the cheapest. Every week is given a faithful report of

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embracing complete and comprehensive despatches from Washington, including full reports of the speeches of eminent politicians on the questions of the hour.

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of the WEEKLY HERALD gives the latest as well as the most practical suggestions and discoveries relating to the duties of the farmer, hints for raising Cattle, Poultry, Grains, Trees, Vegetables, &c., &c., with suggestions for keeping buildings and farming utensils in repair. This is supplemented by a well-edited department, widely copied, under the head of

The Home,

giving recipes for practical dishes, hints for making clothing and for keeping up with the latest fashions at the lowest price. Every item of cooking or economy suggested in this department is practically tested by experts before publication. Letters from our Paris and London correspondents on the very latest fashions. The Home Department of the WEEKLY HERALD will save the housewife more than one hundred times the price of the paper. The interests of

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are looked after, and everything relating to mechanics and labor saving is carefully recorded. There is a page devoted to all the latest phases of the business markets, crops, merchandise, &c. &c. A valuable feature is found in the specially reported prices and conditions of

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Sporting news at home and abroad, a story every week, a sermon by some eminent divine literary, musical, dramatic, personal and sea notes. There is no paper in the world which contains so much matter every week as the Weekly Herald, which is sent postage free for one dollar. You can subscribe at any time.

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THE FINEST IN THE LAND.

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ALL THAT IS CLAIMED FOR IT,

and all that manufacturer's skill and greatest care, in blending the choicest,

MOST FLAVORY LEAF TOBACCO,

which purest sweet can make it. The favorable impression it first gives the chewer who tries it, is

Never Destroyed or Lessened,

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PLEASANT, PURE AND PALATABLE.

It never has been equaled. It never will be excelled. Chewers who try it will find it so

Uniform in Quality.

So agreeable to the taste, that they will not readily be induced to try, even for once, any other than THE ROYAL CHEW,

THE BULL DOG PLUG

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STOCKMAN & HARRIS

When wanting your

PIANO OR ORGAN

TUNED OR REPAIRED.

Perfect satisfaction given or no pay required. Give them a trial. Coshocton

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that John S. Elliott and Henry Marx, partners in trade under the name Elliott & Marx, made an assignment for the benefit of their creditors on the 23d day of January, 1883. Creditors will present their claims to me for allowance, and debtors will call on the undersigned and pay all debts due the said firm.

J. M. COMPTON, Assignee.

January 25th, 1883. 3t

PAN-HANDLE ROUTE

(PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI & ST. LOUIS RY.)

Condensed Time Table of Passenger Trains, Corrected to Jan. 14, 1883.

GOING EAST.

Columbus Time	Fst Ln.	Day Exprs.	Pitt b Exps	Limited Express
	pm.	am.	n. m.	am.
Lv Columbus	*12.20	*12.15	*8 30	*12.05
" Newark	1.25	1.25	9 59	1.10
" Dresden jun	2 10	2.10	10 40	1.51
" Coshocton	2.40	2.47	11 10	2.16
" N. C. Town	3 10	3.20	11 43	2.41
Arr Dennison	3.55	4.05	p.m 12 40	3.25
" Bowerstown	4.15	....	1 03	...
" Scio	4 28	....	1 19	...
" Cadiz Junct	5.41	....	1 45	...
" Stbnville	5.35	5.45	2 55	4 57
Arr Pittsburgh.	7.30	7 40	5 25	6 45
	am.	pm.		pm.
" Harrisburg	4.15	4.00	......	2 20
" Baltimore	7.45	7.20	......	5 10
" Washington	9.15	8.47	......	6 47
" Phila	7.50	7.35	......	5 20
" New York	11.15	10.35	......	7.25
	pm.			am.
" Boston	3 00	....	......	6 20

NOTE. Accommodation train leaves Columbus daily except Sunday at 1:15 p. m.; arrives Newark 3:00 p m; Dresden Je 7:00 p m; Coshocton 7:20; Newcomerstown 7:57 p. m; Dennison 8:40 p m.

NOTE. Accommodation train leaves Dennison daily, except Sunday, at 5:35 a. m.; arrives at Bowerstown 5.50 a. m.; Scio 6:05 a.m. Cadiz Junction 6:24 a. m., Steubenville 7:20 a. m., Pittsburgh 10:00 a. m.

P. W. & K. Division trains leave Steubenville for Wheeling at †5.15 am., †7:25am, †2.25 pm., and †5:50 p m. Returning, leave Wheeling †6.25 a. m., *8:45 am., †1:50 pm., †4:10 pm., and 5.35 pm. arriving at Steubenville 7:35 am, 9:55 am, 3:01 pm, 5.20 pm.

GOING WEST.

	*FstLn	Mail Lxprs*	Limit'd Exprs†	Weste Expre
Pittsburgh.	11.20pm	2.10pm	8.45pm	8.00 am
Steubenv'e.	1.00am	4.08 "	10.55 "	10.00 am
Cadiz Ju'n.	....	5.12 "	....	11.00 am
Scio	....	5 31 "	....	11.23 am
Bowerst'n.	....	....	....	11.59 am
A Dennison.	2 15 "	6.30pm	12 20am	12.05 pm
Newcoms'n	3.20 "	7.16pm	12.54 "	12.42 pm
Coshocton.	3.47 "	7.58 "	1.23 "	1 10 pm
Dresden jun	4.13 "	8.26 "	1.51 "	1.36 pm
Newark	4.58 "	9.15 "	2.40 "	2.25 pm
A Columbus	5.55 "	10.30 "	3.45 "	3 30 pm
L Columbus	9.55 "	11.00pm	3.55 "	3.50 pm
A Dayton	12 50pm	....	6.35am	6.25 pm
Cincinnati	2.45 "	1.00 "	8.00am	8 00 pm
Louisville	....	12.45am	12 45pm	12 10 am
Urbana	7.35am	....	7 35am	5 22 pm
Piqua	8.25pm	....	8 25am	6 14 pm
Richmond	9 59 "	....	9.59am	7.55 pm
Indianap's.	12.15 "	....	12 15 m	10 50 pm
St. Louis	....	....	8.10pm	7.30 am
Logansport.	....	....	3 20pm	2.10 am
Chicago	....	....	6.20pm	7.30 am

NOTE. Dennison Express leaves Pittsburgh daily, except Sunday, at 4:02 p. m., arrives at Steubenville 6:15 p. m., Cadiz Junction 7:15 p. m., Scio 7:35 p. m., Bowerston 7:52 p. m., Dennison 8:15 p. m.

NOTE. Accommodation train leaves Dennison daily except Sunday, 5:10; ar. Newcom'tn 6.10; COSHOCTON 6:48; Dresden Je 7:15; Newark 8:20; Columbus 9:45.

*Daily. †Except Sunday.

Through Chicago Express, with Sleeping Coach, leaves Columbus daily except Sunday at 5.00 p. m., arriving Chicago 7 30 a. m.

Cincinnati Mail leaves Columbus at †11:00 p. m., arrives Cincinnati 4.00 a. m.

CADIZ BRANCH TRAINS—(Except Sun.)

Leave Cadiz Junction 6 35a. m., 11.05 a. m. 1.50 p. m., 5.15 p. m., and 7.20pm Arrive Cadiz 7.20 a. m, 11.45 a. m., 2 30 p. m., 5 55 p. m and 8.00 p m

Leave Cadiz .45 a. m., 10.15 a m. 1.05 p. m., 4 00 p. m. and 6.30 p.m. Arrive Cadiz Junction 6 25 a. m., 10 55 a. m., 1.40 p. m., 4.40 p. m. and 7.10 p m

Sleeping Cars East, without change, to Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, and New York; West to Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and St. Louis, and from Columbus to Chicago.

Baggage checked to all principle points East and West.

JAS. MCCREA, Manager. Columbus O.

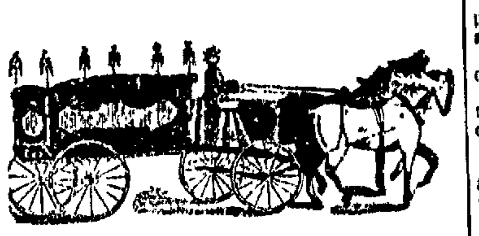
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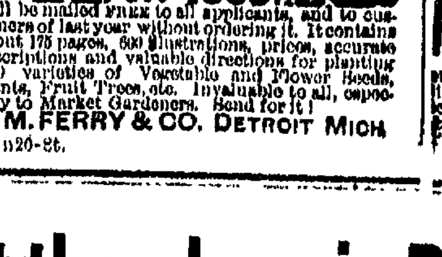
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at prices as low as the lowest in the county will not be excelled. I have in my employ th

BEST OF WORKMEN,

and having the entire business under my own supervision, will not be undersold, and can guarantee satisfaction. Also keep leather and findings for sale. Call and see me at 517 East Main st.

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Will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains about 175 pages, 600 illustrations, prices, accurate descriptions and valuable directions for planting 1500 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Fruit Trees, etc. Invaluable to all, especially to Market Gardeners. Send for it!

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Jan26-8t.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE:

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1st. Farm in Clark tp., 40 acres well improved, good orchard, and coal mines in operation.

2nd. Fine brick residence on Chestnut St., city. Good stable fine location, easy terms.

3rd. Farm in Lafayette tp., along the line of the C. V. Railroad. Well improved, very cheap.

4th Sold.

5th. Farm in Clark township, 200 acres, at $40 per acre; good time given on back payments.

6th. Lots Nos. 119, 120 and 121 in Ricketts' addition, very cheap.

7th. Five lots in Agricultural Society's addition; will sell at a bargain

8th Sold.

9th. Sold.

10th. Lot 200 original plat of Coshocton: cheap.

11th. Farm in Keene township, 100 acres all in grass; will sell very cheap and on easy terms.

12th. House and lot in Ricketts addition; price, $1,000.

13th. Farm in Jefferson township, 80 acres well improved, good buildings, good orchard, 10 acres timber, part bottom land.

14th House and lot on Sixth street; will sell for one-half of real value.

15th. To purchase. A well improved farm of 80 or 100 acres near Coshocton.

16th. To purchase. Six desirable lots well located in Coshocton.

17th Sold

18th. Money loaned at 8 per cent. First mortgage security given. No charge for loaning.

19th. Western land for sale or trade. Improved and unimproved farms in Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska and Southern Iowa.

20th. Farm for sale or trade, 200 acres in Madison county, Iowa.

21st. Wanted—To purchase farms in Hamilton or adjoining counties, Nebraska. Cash paid.

22d. Money loaned on good security.

23d. Bills abstracted, deeds and mortgages written and acknowledged.

24th. All wishing to buy, sell, loan money, borrow money, or MAKE money, will do well to call at our office.

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Malaria is a broad name for many diseases—all originating in blood poisoning. Billious fever, the typhus and typhoid fevers and chills and fever are prominent members of the family. Malaria defies alike the builders, the plumbers and the physicians. Despairing of ordinary treatment, the latter almost unanimously recommend BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER as the greatest anti-malarial specific of the age. These plasters act upon the liver, spleen, bowels and kidneys.

Worn over the region of the liver, and upon the back over the kidneys, they ward off malaria like an armor. No other plasters do this. When you purchase, satisfy yourself that the word CAPCINE is cut in the center of the plaster.

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I have so much confidence in the GREAT GERMAN CONSUMPTION CURE, lately discovered, that I will send the first package of it FREE to any sufferer. Do not give up, it doctors and friends do. Thousands of almost hopeless cases cured by this remedy. Address, naming this paper.

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Jan20-4t.

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ap29 tf.

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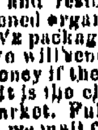
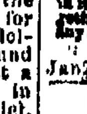
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For old and young, male and female

MAGNETIC MEDICINE, a brain and nerve food. Positively cures Night Losses, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, Nervous Debility, Leucorrhoea, Barrenness; and for all weakness of the Generative Organs in either sex it is an unfailing and positive cure. Tones up the debilitated system, arrests all involuntary discharges, removes mental gloom and despondency, and restores wonderful power to the weakened organs. With each order for TWELVE packages, accompanied with five dollars we will send our GUARANTEE or refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. It is the cheapest and BEST medicine in the market. Full particulars in Phamphlet, which we mail free to any address. Sold by all Druggists, one package 50c. Six for $2 50, or sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing MAGNETIC MEDICINE CO., DETROIT, MICH. Sold in Coshocton by J. F. Compton, who will issue guarantees.

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W. S. KLINE & CO,

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Turkeys, Chickens,

DUCKS AND GEESE,

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AND ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

Jan20.

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FARM FOR SALE.

One hundred and fifty-three acres of land in Bethlehem Township, on the main road from Coshocton to Warsaw; known as the HOLLY farm; four miles from Coshocton and five miles from Warsaw. Large orchard of excellent fruit, large two-story frame house, built in 1880, good outbuildings. Eighty acres bottom land, fifty of which are in good balance upland; running water in every field, abundant good timber. One and one-half miles from the Prairie Chappel church, and one quarter mile from school.

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